

One Child Abuse Survivor 2 Another: The Journey

A true story of my personal healing journey and memoirs through “talk therapy” on internet radio, exposing the truth of growing up abused, child sexual abuse, incest, rape, sodomy, and traumatic memories.

Written by Laurie Ann Smith

Explicit Sexual Content Warning:

This book should be read at the reader’s discretion. This book is not for younger children or anyone under the age of 18 years of age. Child sexual abuse, abuse of any type, and information about these issues can be disturbing, and also trigger survivors of abuse. Please note that this book contains explicit child sexual abuse material, adult material about child sexual abuse, abuse and the issues surrounding abuse. Please be responsible for yourself, and read at your own discretion. Thank you.

**Copyright ©Laurie Ann Smith 2022
All Rights Reserved**

Forward

I write this book because everything inside of me tells me not to. Everything around me screams for the pen to dry out, for my computer to crash, for the gag to be put firmly back in place. The scared little girl within me, who is only eight years old, cringes at the thought of the truth being shared with everyone. It is me, the adult survivor of so much abuse, who wants her story told, wants my story told. I have been rejected since birth, not only by my dysfunctional abusive family, but by society. A society that begs to be left out of it, to not know the pain we survivors have had to endure; a society that does not want to see the ugly abused children, the ugly and disturbing photos that emerge to show us the reality that children are facing and have faced since time began. Many do not want to see it because it hurts too much, cuts too deep to know that human beings are capable of so much destruction to a tiny little helpless baby, or child. Much of society mumbles the words, "it's best to leave this alone, it's too disturbing to know what abuse is really like", and that a child has been murdered or soul murdered because someone made the wrong choices and hurt and tortured and even killed a child. It hurts. It really hurts. It hurts me to share my story with the world. It hurts me to show such evil and horrific and twisted torture that was done to my body, my mind, my soul and my spirit. It is what is known as "walking dead". By the time I was ten years old I was literally spiritually

dead. I was a victim of “soul murder” and wished for death. I walked the earth as a young adult searching for a violent end, and I had a back-up plan just in case the other fell through, I would take myself out of my pain, out of my hell, out of existence all together. The things that were done to me are what most children who have been abused had to endure. The things that were done to me never should have happened. My parents and a sibling, as well as all of my siblings are responsible for the hell I was made to live in as they were living in that hell when I was born. I was brought into their hell the moment I took my first breath of evil. It has taken everything I have to see and understand love, goodness, compassion, mercy, light, truth, and peace. I have been on a lifelong quest to find that light in the darkness that surrounded me. Something kept whispering to me that it was there, but I had to keep looking for it, keep searching for it, and to keep believing that one day I would find it. I am thankful for that voice from God who has seen my life restored and love and peace enter my ravaged heart and spirit. I am on a continual healing journey that I know will take me the rest of my days here on this earth, but it is getting better, one day at a time. I encourage you, the reader of my book, to not allow yourself to give up. It is not an option. Keep going, keep searching, keep seeking light, hope, peace and do not ever give up.

Table of Contents

Forward

Note from the Author

Chapter One - Bound and Gagged

Chapter Two - Reaching Out

Chapter Three - Ugly Truth

Chapter Four - Talking to Heal

Chapter Five - Journey Toward Healing

Chapter Six – Fighting to Live

Chapter Seven – The Path to Destruction, The Road to
Healing

Chapter Eight – A New Year to Heal

Chapter Nine – Scared and Scarred

Chapter Ten – All Will Be Revealed

Chapter Eleven – My Reality of Healing

Final Note

Bound and Gagged



*Scratching
clawing
pushing
punching
darkness sobbing
choking blackness gasping
shaking bound gagged
hands fingers head mouth body
where they should not be
overpowering me
drowning swallowed into darkness
8 years old why is this happening to me???
13 years later gynecologist tells me
you're no virgin honey
innocence stolen from me
cannot let anyone touch me
bound and gagged.*

Reaching Out

Sunday, November 22, 2009

Testing 1, 2, 3 "How can we fix this?" I asked the listeners. My voice sounded smooth and calm as I did a "test" run on my new Blog Talk Radio account. I had decided to call it "Laurie Smith" because when I had signed up a few days prior, that is the name I signed up with, my name. I did not realize at the time that I could pick and choose what to call my Blog Talk Radio Program, so I just left it at that," Laurie Smith on Blog Talk Radio".

I sat back after going live with my "test" run and listened to the show to see how my voice sounded and how the sound quality was. I was using a small notebook pc, and a cheap pair of headphones with a microphone attached and as this was the first time I had ever done anything like this, I was hoping it would sound okay.

My voice seemed a bit higher than normal, but I had quit smoking the year before and had not had a cigarette for 13 months; my voice was starting to heal and my throat was not so sore and irritated. I did not sound nervous, but I was.

I hoped no one would detect my nervousness as I listened to myself talking about the problems facing the world regarding human rights, women's rights, and child rights.

I wanted to let the listener know that I had been through some horrible situations, and grew up in an unstable, dysfunctional, abusive home. I wanted people to see how much I truly care about those who have been abused; those who are suffering and not able to cope and function due to what they have suffered and been forced to endure in their lives.

I wanted to be a voice of hope, a voice of light in the darkness for those who may be sitting alone in a room listening to my show and thinking to themselves' that there is no hope, there is no light, unable to see any goodness in this life.

I was there in that dark place before, and had only been on my healing journey for two and a half years, since May 22nd, 2007. As I listened to the show, I realized that I had to do this show, but did not know how to present the whole issue of child abuse, human rights or how I was going to successfully tie in my story of survival. How I would get it across to the listener that I understood all too well just how hard it is on those who have been abused, mistreated, and wounded to their very core as I was in that hell for so long.

I had been sitting in that dark place for over 35 cognitive years as I was born into hell, and lived in hell for 41 years. It was a journey I was willing to take to raise awareness of these all important issues I faced my whole life, in order that someday, somehow I might be able to help make a difference in this world, and to help even one person. It would be worth it.

Monday, November 23, 2009

I titled my first show "Child Abuse Prevention and Human Rights Abuse Prevention is Up to US!" and was not sure how I would go about doing the shows, but I knew that I wanted to encompass all human rights as well as survivor issues.

I decided to just start talking, and tell people a little about myself and that I had been taking courses in International Community Development at a University here in Calgary because of my interest in Child Rights and all Human Rights.

I briefly mentioned that I had my own story that I wanted to talk about, and sitting in my living room at 10pm in the evening, knowing that my 88 year old abusive, mentally ill father was in the next room, did not make it an easy job.

I told the listener that so many people who have suffered, being abused as children, and those in domestic violence and abuse situations often would not speak up or tell anyone due to fear; fear of telling anyone. This is what was going through my mind as my old, aging abuser dad was listening to the radio in the bedroom off the living room. He had moved in with me in July, five months before I began my Blog Talk Radio shows.

I had started writing a blog on Blogger called “Not So Fond Memories, Growing up in an Abusive Home” in October, the month before and had quite a few entries written. That blog was all about the abuse I had witnessed and suffered growing up under my parent’s abusive actions and deeds.

That blog was for my inner child who was screaming out because my abuser dad was once again in our lives, too close for comfort. I wanted to world to know what happened to my family, what happened to me, and who was responsible for so much pain and terror.

I was sure that my dad could not hear me anyway as his hearing had been so bad for years, and to be honest, I did not care if he did hear me, or did know that I was going public with my story, he had hurt me. He had hurt my mom, he had hurt my brothers; he had hurt my sisters.

I did not mind telling the TRUTH and I wanted so badly for people to know what had happened to my family and to me. It was me, reaching out for help. As I spoke to the listener, whoever would listen, I encouraged them to fight to live, to not give up, to not give in, and to reach out and get the help they need.

I was actually reinforcing my own desire to fight to live, MY fight to not give up, MY fight to not give in, MY fight to reach out and MY fight to get the help I needed to keep going, to heal and find some sort of peace in my heart from my past.

Sunday, November 29, 2009

It was Sunday morning again, and I sat before the computer getting ready to do the show. My dad had gone to church and I had already done my Bible study hours before, it was 9:45 am and I was just drinking coffee and waiting for the show to begin. I would just talk and see where it would go.

I had so much on my mind; so much to share with people, so much to speak out against, so much to stand up for, and it was only my second show. The two years prior to going public with my story I had been doing extensive research on the internet of information regarding adult survivors and child abuse prevention.

I had been doing my own "self" help for those two

and a half years. I decided it would be good to share this information with others, and hopefully it would help people to see that there really is so much out there that can help survivors of abuse.

Earlier that week I had nearly quit my temporary job at a bank I was "temping" at. I decided to share the experience with the listeners so they would know that they were not alone as far as self sabotage went, and that survivors of abuse, and those who have grown up in dysfunctional homes, would know that these things are common among those who have not been shown how to cope, how to handle and balance our lives and our work lives.

I had always had a problem with "conflict" and conflict resolution. Growing up, I was not allowed to stand up for myself, or anyone in the family for that matter. If and when I did, I was beaten for it, cursed, verbally abused, psychologically abused, and sometimes thrown out of the house.

It was no wonder I had a hard time with conflict resolution in the work place or with anyone for that matter. It did not matter what type of relationship it was, whether it was with my sweetheart Cecil, who I had been with for 14 years, or other friends, I could not handle anyone being disappointed with me, I could not handle anyone showing anger towards me, and I could

not handle my own anger.

As the show continued, I began to read from my blog, and talked about the love I needed so badly, my mother's love, that I would never be able to get, would never experience and as I listened to the show after it was over, It was amazing that within two shows, I could see what direction I wanted to go in and what my heart truly needed to share with the listener, just how truly broken it was, and how much I was holding on to that hope that I was talking about.

Monday, November 30, 2009

I got off work and went home to start working on my course work. This was where my heart was. I wanted to let the listener know where I was coming from. I decided to start letting people know where I came from, how it all started, and where I wanted to go. As I began talking, I started to feel more comfortable.

This was only my third show, but I had a certain idea of how I wanted to present the material, and just how serious about this I was. I had already been looking at information for adult survivors of child abuse as well as child abuse prevention as I was volunteering with a 501(c)3 child abuse prevention not for profit

organization.

Between school, volunteering, and my own knowledge and study of the issues surrounding child abuse, I felt that I truly had what it took to spread the word about child abuse.

My own sad childhood surely seemed enough, but I had been studying for years, and it wasn't until after I began my healing journey that I decided to get involved and get off the couch. Halfway through the show my old abuser dad had come out of his bedroom and started doing dishes, clanging glasses and running water. About the same time my show was dropped and I had to dial in after telling my dad to give me the fifteen minutes I needed to finish the show.

He knew I was doing the show, and was on air, but paid no attention to the time, and seemed to not care that this was important to me. Go figure, my abuser dad was still detached, and disrespectful towards me, even after all the years that had gone by, he had still not changed one bit.

I dialed back in to the show, and finished it, explaining how important this was to me. I decided to read some of my blog, *Not So Fond Memories, Growing Up in an Abusive Home*. It was the first time I would read this out loud to anyone, and I was hoping to open people's eyes to the truth of how disturbing child abuse

and domestic violence really is.

I wanted to be a voice of hope for those that had survived being abused as children, or who had been abused by their partner. As I was reading, I decided to not read out the curse words that I had written as I was not sure how young the listeners would be. It was hard to read it, but I was determined to get through it. After reading the first chapter, I did my best to explain why my mother treated me the way that she did, and I was hoping that people would phone in with questions or comments.

The phone lines remained empty. I was hopeful that someone, someday even years from that show, might listen to my voice and feel encouraged to reach out and to get help.

Sunday, December 6, 2009

Sunday morning I woke with a new sense of excitement, and energy. I was feeling empowered now that I was able to voice my opinions and promote awareness about child abuse.

This show was giving me a sense of satisfaction and was giving me a new sense of hope, as I encouraged the listeners to keep on reaching out, to keep looking for that hope, I was actually encouraging myself. I thought it would be good to tell the listeners why I chose to get

off the couch and get involved in public advocacy, and child abuse, human rights abuses.

I had decided the day before to start doing a 15 minute show airing in the morning Monday through Friday. I called it "One Child Abuse Survivor 2 another", and that seemed to be fitting and stood out.

I really wanted to reach survivors, and did not want to minimize anything, including the title of that show. It seemed good to me, and I was happy with it. It was then that I realized I was the one needing to reach out to survivors and wanted to be a voice of encouragement.

All I knew was that this show was really beginning to take shape. I had begun to receive some positive feedback about the show and it seemed as though it would be worth doing. If anything, it was allowing me to let my inner child get "her" voice heard for the first time.

Having my dad sitting in the next room over gave me a sense of restitution, and I thought about how sad of an old man he was. He was still mentally ill, and had been for so long.

I felt sorry for him, as he could not be happy or find peace and was only happy when he was hurting me, or making hurtful and rude comments about other people. He truly had a black heart, but on the outside he looked like such a pious man, a man of God. I truly had pity for

him and tried to be as nice as I could be to him while he was staying with me. He was still just as toxic toward me as he had always been. It was a sense of relief for me, as I told what had happened to me as a child while he sat just a few feet away.

I finally felt a sense of safety, as if my inner child was still scared of him, and was hoping someone would know what kind of a man he really was, a hurtful man, an abuser. A man who had threatened my life and my family's life for years.

Ugly Truth

“you’ll be a woman one day and you will be a wife, and you will need to know how it feels to be a wife” the voice said. I could feel his hands pushing the blanket away, and slipping under my pajamas. I told him “no” but that did not stop his lust.”

Monday, December 7, 2009

Taking a drag off a cigarette I bummed from my sister, I sat back and let the words come out of my mouth, they seemed to just roll off my tongue, and as hard as it was to say it, it came out anyway, “our brother Rob sexually abused me”. Silence. A very long moment of silence and seconds went by. I looked at my sister to see if she would respond to me; she didn’t.

She sat there, 9pm on a cold winter night in the driver seat of her car, and said absolutely nothing. I was hoping that by me coming out and saying those words, if she had been molested or sexually abused by anyone in our family, she would be empowered to speak out and tell me about it.

She said nothing. Long minutes of silence went by as I casually smoked the rest of my cigarette. I had quit

smoking, but needed that smoke to bolster me up for what I had to say.

I jumped out of her car and headed back into my apartment building. Coming up the elevator I had that same sense of abandonment and rejection I had all my life.

Opening the door to my suite, I turned and shut the door behind me, locking it. Sitting down next to my computer I checked to see if anyone had messaged me or was trying to reach me, all was silent.

I thought about my first show “One Child Abuse Survivor 2 another” and it seemed like the right thing to do, a fifteen minute talk from me to other survivors and I was happy to be able to get the word out to survivors.

I flashed back to my brother’s voice telling me “you’ll be a woman one day and you will be a wife, and you will need to know how it feels to be a wife” the voice said. I could feel his hands pushing the blanket away, and slipping under my pajamas.

I told him “no” but that did not stop his lust. He slipped his fingers under my panties into my vagina and began moving them and with his thumb he began to rub my clitoris causing me to gasp and breath very heavy.

I was so scared; this was not a familiar feeling to me at all. I was 8 years old, and could not figure out what he was doing, or why he was doing it. His fingers were

hurting me and his thumb was pushing too hard and I winced in pain.

I could hear him moan and groan with pleasure as he masturbated, leaning over my bed. He pulled my pajamas up to my neck and began to suck on my nipples. I reacted and bit his ear as hard as I could. He jerked his fingers out from my vagina and punched me in the face; I was stunned and laid there waiting for what was to come.

He quickly grabbed my nipple with his fingers and pulled on it, pinching it hard. I cried out in pain, and he covered my mouth, threatening me, "I'll rip it off if you scream" in a half whisper to me, he kept pinching, pulling and twisting it hard. "I'll rip it off if you tell anyone about tonight".

He let go and got up, casually walked out of my bedroom. I began to cry, I was shaking and nearly sick to my stomach. Blackness overtook me, darkness, as I loved my brother. Why would he do this to me? Why would he touch me this way? Why would he hurt me? I loved him.

Tuesday, December 08, 2009

Five a.m. came quickly. I made a quick pot of coffee and got ready to do the show. This was my second One

Child Abuse Survivor 2 another show, and I was hopeful that someone would be tuning in to spend the fifteen minutes with me.

I wanted to pass as many resources on to anyone who would listen. I decided to talk about the topic of revictimization, and started to explain some of the things that I went through growing up in my dysfunctional, abusive family.

I read out the resources I had found for the show, and hoped someone would benefit from them and would listen to how serious I was about not giving up. I talked about my brother committing suicide and also let the listener know that I was also contemplating my own suicides though out my life.

After the show was over I thought back to the night before. I had been invited to be a guest on “Voices of Hope” on Blog Talk Radio, and after the show with Gayle Crabtree my sister had come over to see my dad and me, and I thought about the chat we had in her car last night.

I wondered what my sister was thinking. She knew I was doing the internet radio shows, but said she had not listened to any of them. I wondered if she had been molested too and was just remaining silent.

Part of me was angry because I did not get the response I thought I deserved. Part me of me wanted

her to hug me, to hold me, to cry with me, to get mad with me. I realized that it was just more of the same old garbage; I was truly alone as I had always been.

I realized that she may never come forth if she was abused sexually by anyone in our home, and that she may very well live in silence for the rest of her life.

I did not care what my family thought about me writing my blog or going public on the internet radio show. I was going to tell the truth about what happened to me, to us all.

Wednesday, December 09, 2009

“You whore! You slut! You God damn CUNT!! You never deserved to live in the first place you god damn piece of shit!! I should have killed you years ago!! I WILL KILL YOU!! YOU GOD DAMN BITCH!! My mother’s voice echoed in my ears, I could feel her nails digging into my skin and braced myself for the beating that would follow. I could hear my own voice crying out in shrieks of pain as I pleaded with her, “NO! NO! I’m sorry!! I’m sorry!” I did not even know what I was sorry for, but there was no mercy for me.”

Waking up at 4:30, I put the coffee on, and sat at my computer logging into my show. I thought about what I might talk about today, and I felt compelled to talk about how adult survivors of abuse have a hard time coping, as we may have not learned any healthy coping mechanisms.

As I began talking I started to feel a comfort level I had not felt before when talking about the abuse I suffered. I started to relax and felt less and less nervous as each show took place.

I wanted to continue talking about the issues of being revictimized and how important it is for us survivors of abuse to learn how to set boundaries and to not allow ourselves to be abused as adults.

I wanted to let the listeners know about an event that had taken place years before where my best friend was being abused by her boyfriend.

I wanted to show people how easy it is to be revictimized and that my reactions were all fear based in regards to this one abusive and violent night that my friend was nearly killed by him.

I had seen so many horrific acts of abuse, and wanted people to know I had been there, as a second hand victim of domestic violence.

I was off work as my contract had ended and I had plenty of time to write in my blog. I carefully wrote

down everything I wanted the world to know about what happened to me as a child. As I was sitting on the couch, I could see the wounds, the blood, the belts whipping through the air, my mother's face, full of rage and hatred for me, and for life.

I could hear her words that cut like a knife. It was not difficult for me to write it all down, as I had been living with this reality my whole life, and I could remember every one of those beatings like they were yesterday.

I remembered how I felt as my mother jerked me around and beat me, using anything she could get her hands on, and if nothing was within her reach she would beat me with her fists, or the open palm of her hand, or the back of her hand, or the bony edge of her hand.

When I was small she would drag me to the kitchen where the belts hung on the wall. I remember being hauled up and over the seat of the kitchen chair and legs kicking, took my licks.



BELTS ON THE KITCHEN WALL

I remembered being thrown to the ground into the kitchen chair, slammed to the floor and the belt zinging my back and the back of my legs. There was no mercy for me then and no mercy for me now.

I wrote it all down, word after word, beating after beating, cursing after cursing. I wanted the world to see my child of pain and horror. My inner child wanted the world to know what they did to her, and wanted me to make very clear that no one stopped them. No mercy for her.

I wrote about being sexually molested when I was eight years old, but did not include any of the details as I had ran from those memories so long ago, not wanting to remember what my brother did to me. I knew the sexual abuse happened after we moved back from Canada, onto Indian School Road. I was seven that August, 1972. My brother Chesley was killed, murdered

three months after we moved back to Albuquerque.

It was the following summer that the sexual abuse began. My brother Rob had always been protected by Chesley when they were growing up. My dad had a hatred for Rob and beat on him every chance he got. They were very close. When our brother Chess was murdered my brother Rob went into a deep dark depression and stayed in his room for a year.

He was normally depressed, and the summer we lived in Vancouver, British Columbia he had been seeing demons and having psychotic episodes in his bedroom.

He was definitely not well, his whole life. I used to go in to see him as he kept the room pitch black, except a few candles burning. He walked paces around the room to keep in shape and never went outside.

The only time he left his room was to go the bathroom which was on the other end of the small stucco house we were renting. I used to go and try to comfort him, he was my big brother and I loved him so much.

The next year, that would all change and my brother would show me just how much he truly loved me.

It was spring and summer time, 1974, when the sexual assaults took place. I had just turned eight that December. My friend Mary Angel was over one day to play and I remember telling her about the pain in my

“pee pee”, meaning my vagina, and that it was burning, and itching. She laughed.

I laughed too, because she laughed, but had to force myself not to scratch. It was summer, hot and I had a major infection because of the sexual abuse.

I remember after the sexual assaults took place, I went to my mother to tell her that I was in pain, my pee pee hurt, and my brother was hurting me and doing things to me at night.

My mom did not like what I said, and told me angrily “WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO ABOUT IT!!! YOU ROTTEN WHORE!! THAT IS NOT MY PROBLEM. THAT IS YOUR PROBLEM, YOU DEAL WITH IT!!”

I told her I did not know what to do, and she advised me to wrap myself up like a mummy in my blanket at night. End of conversation.

My mother was always just shy of beating me, and had just dished out a beating a few weeks prior, my back and bum was still bruised from a beating I had taken from her and the table leg that she pounded me with for waking a neighbor’s baby girl who my mom was babysitting for the day, so I did not push the issue with her, and was forced to deal with it on my own.

I wanted to write more about the sexual abuse, but wanted to be sure I had a clear picture of what happened. My main goal was to tell the truth, and I had

not tried to remember those sexual assaults for so long, I wanted to tell the truth, and so I left it out of the blog for the time being.

Friday, December 11, 2009

“A white hot burning light pierced through my brain, intense pain came over my whole body as he angrily shoved his penis as hard as he could further and further into my anus. He was punishing me for not letting him do what he pleased to my body. AHHHHHHHHHHH”“OH GOD!! OH GODDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!! THAT HUUUUUURTS!! STOP BROTHER!! AAHHHHH!!” was going through my mind. No sound was escaping through the mattress or the pillow as I was completely muffled.”

I loved Friday's, even when I was working and had a job, I still loved Friday's. I was glad to have this time off, even though I needed the money. It was good to be able to get in touch with so many of the feelings I had as a child and I was doing a whole lot of inner child work, and allowing myself to see what had happened to me at eight years old.

I was starting to remember what my brother Rob had said and done to me. I thought back to the night my brother made me a woman. My childhood had already been destroyed by my parents but this night, my brother stole my virginity.

I sat back and recalled that night of evil, torture, and terror. Tears streamed down my face as I allowed myself to remember. I cried silently to myself at my computer, and remembered being bound and gagged, violated, hurt, torn apart, my heart ripped to shreds, my mind filled with horrors unimaginable, and the knowledge that I was raped and sodomized that haunted me for so long.

That little eight year old girl was still there, alone, bound and gagged, on that bed, bruised, bloody, body twisted, mind twisted, alone and frightened. I had to reach her.

Monday, December 14, 2009

The alarm rang and I was up. I sat up on the couch, stretched and made my way across the living room to the kitchen and got the coffee going. It was total “full on” winter and Calgary winters are real winters.

Wind and snow blew past my balcony door and I was looking forward to that cup of coffee. I grabbed my cup and went to sit down at my computer. It was early and I had just checked in on my social networking site account to see who was up and posting. I had seen a post that was upsetting. One of my friends had been posting comments about committing suicide. I quickly wrote her a note, and told her not to do that, to reach

out, to me, to anyone.

I was sad to see this. Suicide had been a huge problem in my life with my parents, who were both suicidal and always talking about suicide. Two of my brothers, Rob and Howard had committed suicide as adults, and I was always planning my suicides up until April of 2007 when I decided to begin my journey to heal and reach out. I quickly signed into my Blog Talk account and began talking about suicide, hoping that friend of mine would listen to the show. I mentioned her name on the show and then felt that I should delete it, even though the information was good.

After the show, I finished my coffee, and decided to get busy and do some work online regarding child abuse prevention. Later that night I decided I would do a show about suicide and suicide prevention on my night show, Child Abuse Prevention and Human Rights Abuse Prevention is Up to Us!

I made dinner for my dad and myself and got busy posting on the social networking sites and wrote a chapter in my blog "Not So Fond Memories, Growing Up in an Abusive Home". I was determined to get as much information out to people as I could in as many formats as possible.

An author friend who I had been volunteering with was a bestselling author, and had seen my blog, and

encouraged me to continue writing and offered to publish it into a book if I ever decided that was something I would like to do.

Her support and interest in my writing made a huge difference and was the only real encouragement I had received to keep on writing.

My dad and I had been arguing a lot the last few weeks and he was scheduled for surgery to repair an aneurism in his chest. It would save his life, the surgeon was sure my dad would survive the surgery, and my dad was upset and saying he was going to die.

I told him to have faith, as he was a born again Christian and had been for many years since just after I was born. He was down and had always been down and depressed as long as I had been on the earth. My dad was diagnosed years before with borderline schizophrenia and borderline personality disorders.

He was depressed and toxic and the last six months with him staying at my place was starting to drain on me. I knew what he was all about. I knew he was just mentally ill and not on meds or in therapy. I knew he was a sick man who had a lot of evil and hatred in his heart for his wife, my mother, and for his children. But, he had nowhere else to go.

My siblings refused to let him stay with them, my brother said no way. My sister said absolutely not. He

had stayed with my sister after my mother passed away and drove her insane for five years before she moved up to Canada to force him to move out.

She knew at that time that he would not want to move to Canada as it was too cold for him. So she sold her place, packed up and moved up with her daughter in 2001.

Christmas was coming, and I sat back on the couch with my Bible just before bed time, praying to God that my Dad would be okay and that my Sweetheart Cecil would be okay, and that God would use me to help anyone he put in my path. Then I prayed that God would help me, to release even more of the pain that was still saturating my heart.

Tuesday, December 15, 2009

I woke up, and got into my routine, turning on my computer, getting the coffee going. I looked out at the snow falling, peaceful flakes coasting down through the air, as the white snow provided reflected light and I looked out across the downtown core and tall skyscrapers towering over everything just a few blocks away.

I grabbed my coffee and my cigarettes and got ready to do the show. This was my quiet time. No interruptions. My dad was sleeping and would not be up

for at least a couple of hours. I enjoyed this time of my day, no phone calls, no outside interference.

My sweetheart lived about 10 blocks from me, and I would go and see him tonight. I only went over a few times a week to visit him as he was very ill and on Morphine, sleeping large amounts of time, sometimes days at a time.

He had been diagnosed terminally ill, liver disease on Valentine's Day 2001; five years into our relationship. We had "split up" and he was not living in a semi care facility with a nurse on sight, but we were still very much "together" and loved each other. That was all that mattered. I missed him though.

I logged into my show and got ready to start talking. This was all starting to be manageable. I had only been doing these shows on Blog Talk Radio for about three weeks, but it was starting to feel very comfortable. I enjoyed passing on information and resources to anyone who would be listening.

Wednesday, December 16, 2009

I woke up and got ready for the show. It was my birthday and I was happy. I always enjoyed my birthday

whether or not anyone else was. I would be going to see my sweetheart for my birthday and that made me happy.

Cecil and I had lived together for about 11 years before he moved into the semi care building. We made the best of it after he was diagnosed terminally ill, but eventually he wanted to separate. He was not well the year he moved out, as his liver was failing and he felt that it was too hard on him and too hard on me to stay together. We did not stop loving each other when he moved out. I still loved him very much and wanted to help him any way I could.

We would have a nice dinner at Cec's place and a nice cake for my birthday. My birthday was so close to Christmas that I did not expect much. Most of my life people either forgot my birthday or just said happy birthday in my Christmas card. I did not mind.

Growing up as a young child, my mother would make a big issue out of my birthday being so close to Christmas and would complain about having to make a cake or buy me an extra birthday gift.

She made it clear, as each year rolled by, that I was such a rotten evil kid, why should she do anything for me. My mother had a hate on for me from the day I was born and the following months of my blog talk shows would reveal all of this to my listeners.

My public facing blog was getting a lot of attention because I did not “sugarcoat” the abuse, I did not minimize it, or make it sound “not so bad” or cover it up with “appropriate” words. I just told it like it was.

Talking to Heal

Friday, December 18, 2009

I woke up and got ready to do the show. I had decided to begin sharing the information I had been using to help me on my healing journey and giving the websites to the information I was using. This was a great way to also give a “shout out” to some great organizations I had been partnering with on the social networking sites.

As I began doing the show, I began to realize that as I was reading this information on the air, I was also taking it in. I had already done about two years of healing work, but this “talking” on Blog Talk Radio began to help me feel better about things.

I let the listeners know that I was never diagnosed with PTSD because I had never been in therapy or counseling or used the mental health system services. I had no idea whether or not I had PTSD, but many of the symptoms that are widely known to be symptoms of PTSD, I had experienced.

I had so much anger, so much pain, so much sadness, so much rage, so many flashbacks, suicidal tendencies, and self injury. I told the listeners on this day that there was a part of my abusive past that I had not gotten in

touch with, and that I was still looking for help and information regarding the child sexual abuse I had survived.

I had no idea how I would be able to get in touch with my memories, as the only memories I had that were intact were dark, shaded, scary, and brief. I knew I had been bound, and gagged, raped and sodomized, and I knew it was my older brother Rob.

I could not remember the events leading up to it, or after the sexual assaults, and I wanted to get a hold of those memories so I could feel what I needed to feel and grieve, become angry, and eventually come to some terms of peace in my heart, mind, body, soul and spirit. I had no idea how long the road ahead would really be.

Tuesday, December 22, 2009

I woke up excited about the day. Christmas was just days away, and I loved Christmas. This time of year was always my favorite. The whole idea of pretty packages, pretty wrapping paper, bows and ribbons, cool gifts, friends, good food and music was always hoped for this time of year.

As a child I loved to sit and look at the Christmas tree and the presents that would be under the tree. We never had a lot of presents under the tree growing up,

but what was under there, was enough for me. I was happy to have it.

I grabbed my coffee and began the show, hoping that someone would listen, and that my show would be helping someone out there. As I would read through the material I had found to share with the listeners, it would actually cause me to feel the feelings that I had stuffed for so long. Even though I had been on my healing journey for two years, I had still not allowed myself to feel my feelings.

I began to talk about my youth and the drug abuse and trouble I had been in due to my upbringing and the bad choices that my siblings made as well as my friends. I began to share more and more details of my life and became more comfortable as each show came along.

Wednesday, December 23, 2009

I was still off work, and still waking up at 5:00am to do the shows. I really felt committed to doing the shows. These shows were helping me as much as I was hoping they were helping others.

I had been studying through the days, and since I had no job, I had plenty of time to read and study child

abuse prevention, child rights, human rights, family violence and the effects of it all on children.

I was still doing the course work at Mount Royal University and that was going well. I was also hoping to have a job as I did not want to be off work too long. My dad had just had surgery that week, and so Christmas was a bit of an after-thought this year, but I was looking forward to spending Christmas Eve with my sweetheart Cecil at his place.

I continued on, working through my process of speaking about all issues surrounding child abuse, and my own story. I began to feel very comfortable with speaking about these very uncomfortable subjects.

Suicide prevention was very heavy on my heart and I just wanted to keep on encouraging the listener to never give up, and that it was not an option. I was hoping to have callers phone in and was hoping that someone would tell me that they listened to my show, and heard my words of encouragement and made the phone call and got some help.

Monday, December 28, 2009

I woke up and made the coffee, logged onto my computer and got ready for the show. The last few days were great. Christmas came and went, and I had a nice

time with my sweetheart Cecil. We had a great Christmas.

My dad had spent Christmas evening in the apartment alone, but he went to my sister's for Christmas Day. Cecil was not well enough to be around a lot of people, especially my family. He knew all about the abuse they had put me through and found it hard to be in the same room with them. He was not well enough to leave his apartment and so we had Christmas as usual, by ourselves. As the show started, I began talking to the listeners about domestic violence and was hoping to reach those who were still being abused and still suffering.

My dad was healing up from his surgery and things were going okay. Our nerves were a bit frazzled because my dad was always upset and could not just relax. He was always telling my sister and I, that we did not care about him, and that we were not trying to help him.

We began to argue quite regularly as he started to regress back to his abusive way of dealing with things. I was now a 43 year old woman who was no longer going to put up with any abuse from him, or anyone for that matter. All of the advice I was giving on my show was actually what I was going through right at that time.

These shows were my process, live on air, my process of dealing with my abusive childhood, my process of

dealing with my abusive dad who was staying with me for a year.

I told him he could stay with me for one year, and we still had 6 months to go. I was looking forward to him finding a senior's lodge as he was still depressed, paranoid schizophrenic, and abusive. I was determined to not let him abuse me emotionally or psychologically again, ever.

Tuesday, December 29, 2009

The show this morning was the first time I would recognize that this was truly part of my healing journey. I talked with the listeners and told them that we all deserve to have a good life, we deserve to heal and to be able to learn how to cope with our past, with what we have suffered, and we could learn how to overcome these horrors and dysfunctional behaviors.

It became evident to me that this show WAS my process, was my healing journey and this was going to be a great way to share with others, my process. We would have all had different experiences, and what worked for me may not work for someone else. What worked for someone else, may not work for me.

I felt that as long as we just kept looking for what would work, that would be the goal, and to share what was working for me. The next shows would begin to reveal this to me, as I had not been planning my shows ahead of time.

I would wake up in the morning and grab my coffee and quickly grab information that I had been looking at for my own healing journey that morning. None of my shows were scripted. It was all coming straight from my heart, straight from my memories on the spot.

It became evident that this would be a healing journey of talk therapy. I was just doing it publically instead of in a therapist's office or support group.

Topics such as how adult survivors can have so many issues due to the abuse they suffered, would allow me to talk about what happened to me, and how I dealt with it or did not deal with it as a child. It allowed me to also discuss how I was dealing with the same issues today, and in this method, I was able to see what I needed to work on for my healing journey.

I could see the areas that I still had so much work to do in. Anger management, self worth, self esteem, self reliance and other issues plagued my life, and I still had work to do to get to the root of why I would self sabotage for so many years.

Wednesday, December 30, 2009

I grabbed my coffee and got ready to do the show. I had almost done 30 shows and it was starting to feel so much more comfortable. I noticed my voice had stopped rising higher than normal, and my normal relaxed voice was starting to come out. I spoke about the need to speak about abuse, and my goal to continue talking and not be silenced again.

This was exactly what I needed, a platform to speak out, a platform to stand up for what is right, to speak out against all forms of abuse.

This was proving to be effective for me and I had no idea how long I would be doing these shows, but I was enjoying doing them and needed this more than I had realized.

Days rolled by and I still had not job. It did not seem to matter because I had something important to do. The shows had become vital for me to do as I found they were helping me to feel better about things.

Finally my voice was being heard. I had been volunteering with organizations for the last few years and that, along with the courses, and the Blog Talk Radio shows, I was feeling like my voice was finally being heard. I was heavily involved on the social networking sites and was still sharing my blogs and information about child abuse, and adult survivor

information.

I had met so many amazing survivors, authors, advocates through these couple of years that I was beginning to feel connected to the child abuse prevention network out there on the internet.

I no longer felt alone, I no longer felt isolated. All of a sudden, I had friends who understood what I had been through as a child growing up abused. I had a voice that was carrying far and wide. Even if I was only reaching a handful of people, this was the world to me.

As I worked through the materials about adult survivor coping mechanisms, and healing information, I felt a sense of empowerment come over me, that I had the power to heal and to really do this. I could really feel the difference this last month or so was making in my life. I was using this information for myself as I was encouraging other survivors to get help, and it was truly making a difference.

Friday, January 15, 2010

Two months into the shows I had begun to talk about child sexual abuse as this issue was sitting at the very core of my being. I had been abused sexually as a child and had only told a few of my closest friends over the years.

Many of my childhood friends had been sexually abused and we used to confide in each other, but would not tell an adult. We were all abused and did not trust the system, did not trust adults or authority figures.

I had always been able to tell people I had been sexually abused and molested as a child, but I had not been able to tell them I was raped and sodomized as a child. Those words only left my lips twice. One time when I told my mother what my brother was doing to me after he had raped me and sodomized me and began to use me sexually.

I was in so much pain, I did not care about his threats. I told my mother and she did nothing. The only other person I told was a neighbor friend who I went to school with who had told me that she was being raped by her brother, I told her I was also being raped by my brother. That was that last time I would admit that from my lips.

The next few shows were a continuation about child sexual abuse. I really wanted to get the information out to people because child sexual abuse has always been silenced. Society doesn't want to hear about it, no one wants to hear about it. I was willing to talk about it. Just one more voice to raise awareness and promote public outrage was my goal.

I continued to write my blog and it was nearly

finished. Things were going good, and I finally got work with a bank I had been working at for four years.

The situation with my dad was still not good. He was getting more and more frustrated. He did not understand why I was doing the radio shows, or volunteering to stop child abuse, even though he and my mother were both brought up on child abuse charges.

They had to go to court and almost lost my siblings and I. They were only allowed to keep us in the home if they agreed to the courts demands of therapy for all of us, anger management and marital counseling for my parents and individual therapy for all of us children.

My dad still had no idea that he and my mother had destroyed our family with their domestic violence and abuse. It was sad that he could not see what he had done. He was never willing to take responsibility for his actions and neither was my mother while she was living.

Journey toward Healing

Wednesday, January 20, 2010

“Is it all of us?” I asked the listeners. I admitted that I was sexually abused by a family member on the air that morning. It was upsetting for me just to say the words, but I forced myself to so that I could really show the world that there are so many of us, and I was one; a victim, a child sexual abuse, incest victim.

It bothered me that so many people want to deny the abuse, cover it up, shove it back under the carpet, and silence those who speak out against it.

The dysfunctional society we live in today is made up of mainly survivors of abuse and abusers, and a handful of people who had not been abused as a child. Some of them care deeply about stopping child abuse, and some of them really don't want to know about it because it does not affect them personally. I decided that no matter how unpopular it was, I was going to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

The next few shows I began to talk about my own journey of pain and suffering due to being abused sexually as a child. I wanted people to know how necessary it is that we stop all child abuse.

I decided to tell the listeners on my Monday January 25, 2010 show that if anyone wanted to control what

my show would be about they could cut me a cheque and pay for the shows themselves. It was my show, and I was paying for a premium account. I had recently had someone try to control my show and I felt this person was personally attacking me. I began to show the anger in my voice after this as I realized that even advocates would want to shut my voice down. This was incredibly sad and maddening to me. Advocates need to support each other, not tear each other down.

Things were going well I thought. I was being completely immersed in child abuse prevention advocacy and this was exactly what I wanted.

I had been in touch with my author friend and asked her if she was really serious about putting my blog into book form and publishing it as a book. She advised me that she was very serious and we began to work on that immediately. I sent her what I had and began to write in the evenings to finish the blog.

During the morning shows I continued to talk about child sexual abuse, and adult survivors of child sexual abuse. I was pulling up as much information as I could find on the subject, not only for the listeners, but for me. I was having flashbacks, and would sit around at night after work and cry at my computer as I thought about what my brother had done to me. It became critical for me to find as much information as I could in

order to help myself.

As I began to cover the material in the mornings, it allowed me to see that what I was suffering from were the same things that were in those web pages and articles about child sexual abuse and incest, self injury and self sabotage.

I was not disclosing too much about my own feelings and what I had suffered being sexually abused as a child, but I was gaining confidence in talking about this very serious and uncomfortable topic.

This was just the beginning of my healing journey. As February rolled along, besides doing the shows in the morning and some evenings, I was still working full time and was still working on putting my blog together to be made into a book. My author friend was helping me get it ready and editing the chapters. She was also helping to create the cover and we were hoping to have the book out by March. I was excited about having the book published, but was also aware of what it would mean to my living family members. I knew that my dad and sister and brother would not appreciate me naming and shaming my abusers.

I realized that whether or not I went public with our story of abuse and destruction, my dysfunctional remaining family members would not support me. Either way, I was on my own in this.

Friday, March 12, 2010

It was March and the book was nearly done. I was getting more and more excited as each day came along. It seemed like a “dream” or something “unreal” to me as I had never thought of myself as an author. I had always been interested in journalism, and journaling, but gave up on that in my twenty’s. As the shows moved along, I began to speak more and more about what happened to my family and how my parents managed to completely destroy each other, themselves and their children.

I became more open about the abuse we all suffered and I seemed to be more comfortable giving the details. After doing the shows, I would go to work, come home, write or post online for the child abuse prevention organization I was volunteering with; and that would be my day. I would then do the evening show, and finally drift off to sleep, to get up and do it all over again.

Looking back, that was my routine for nearly two years; it was a total immersion into telling my story, a total immersion into speaking publically about child abuse.

Monday, March 15, 2010

My book, "A Life of Death: The Redemption" was finally published and available on Lulu.com. I was so excited I did not know whether to laugh or cry, so I did both. I got home from work, and read my email from my author friend. She had sent me a press release she had written up and advised that a copy of my book was on the way. Soon I would hold a copy of my book in my hands and the words, the pain, the sorrow, the sadness, the anger, the rage, the grief, the suffering would be in my hands on paper; published for all the world to see.

It was a strange feeling to know that my abuser 88 year old dad was sitting in the bedroom just feet away from me, that the world would soon know what he and my mom had done to us, to each other, and he could no longer hide behind his cute old man mask. The world would now truly see what he did, what my mother did, to destroy our lives.

It was a sense of relief for my inner child who screamed out in fury, rage and anger, still bleeding, still suffering, still bruised; tears pouring from her eyes. She needed the world to know what they did to her. She was happy about the book. I was too.

Thursday, March 18, 2010

As the next few months went by, I began to tell my co-workers about my book and took one in to the office to show them. Many of them were excited about it and bought books from me. I had a lot of support from them as well as my online friends who were better to me than anyone in my own family had ever been. It was great to have so many people on my side. It was a good feeling to finally be free from the chains of silence and shame I had been suffering my whole life. It was a feeling I would never forget.

My family also knew about the book as I had shown my abuser dad and my sister. They did not understand why I was doing what I was, why I was speaking publically about child abuse prevention, why I was writing a book to expose the truth about the abusive home I grew up in. They could not understand my pain and had never even considered that I would be in pain from the nightmare hell our existence was.

Many years before my siblings and I would talk about the abuse our parents put us through and each other. We never did come together for support or hold each other, or try to comfort each other, but we would talk about the absolute sheer craziness and how hard it was to maintain any sense of sanity in that environment.

Many of my siblings had passed away over the years,

and I had detailed all of that in my book “A Life of Death: The Redemption”. I had two remaining siblings, my brother Kevin and my sister Kathi. Kevin was 16 years older than me, and had left home the year before I was born. He preferred to be out on the streets than stay in that abusive home. My sister Kathi was 5 years older than me and she lived in her own world, her own shell, her own walls built up around her with no windows. She apparently saw, heard, and knew nothing about our childhood, but conveniently remembered situations when necessary. I believe it was the only way she could survive.

So, I relied heavily on my co-workers and online friends for support as the next few months rolled by. Things were getting worse between my abuser dad and myself. We were arguing and not getting along. I told him he needed to start to look for a seniors lodge and get his name on a list, which he did. I needed my apartment back. It had been 10 months since he had come to live with me and I was in serious need of peace, and my own space.

Monday, April 5, 2010

Spring had come and the snow was still coming down. Winters in Alberta were long and hard, and there was no real sign of spring as far as nature was concerned. I decided to change the show to a half hour show instead of fifteen minutes.

Things were going well, and I was still busy volunteering, promoting my book that had just been released to the public. This was all done online as I was working full time and did not have time to do any local book release promo's or book signings. I was receiving some interest from people on the social networks and many of these people were my online friends, who were really my only friends. It was just the routine I had that was getting me through the day.

My abuser dad was still just as obnoxious as he had always been, my sweetheart was still just as terminally ill as when he was diagnosed back in 2001. My week consisted of doing the shows on Blog Talk Radio, working full time, coming home to cook dinner for my dad, laundry, grocery shopping, bill paying, and visiting my sweetheart at his apartment two evenings a week. Every other spare minute I had was spent online promoting awareness and education regarding all issues surrounding child abuse. This would be my routine for

the rest of the year.

I had to quit my International Community Development course because the money just wasn't there. I had this feeling, a real knowing in my heart that I was on the right road, on the right path. I had felt in my spirit that God wanted me to "help his children" and I was hoping that I was actually on the right path and not just a path that seemed right. I would pray, nightly, and pray in the morning that God would use my voice and provide the necessary means to get the job done. The show I did this morning was the first of the rest of hundreds where my "real" voice was coming through. My "real" voice and call to action would be heard from now on.

Wednesday, April 14, 2010

The shows were really starting to evolve. I had started to cover more of the issues surrounding Adult Survivors of Child Abuse. It became clear to me that One Child Abuse Survivor 2 another should be about Survivors, and less about child abuse prevention. I started to see that these shows were taking off. I had so many people listening. Some listeners were my friends on the different social networking sites, and others were "guests" and I had no idea who they were. I was

just hoping that the shows would be helpful for someone, anyone.

This format was really helping me in my journey. Having my memoirs published, talking about the abuse I went through, and reading the material about survivors of child abuse was really starting to help me feel better. I had become empowered in my own healing journey. I became more confident in my speaking, more confident with my knowledge base about all abuse topics.

This was really starting to become a “real” advocacy and I was hoping to be able to continue doing the shows in hopes to help even one person, which was my initial goal.

As I was telling the listeners that if they were survivors of child abuse, or abuse of any kind, to realize that it wasn't their fault, that they are not alone, and to make sure to reach out to someone, anyone, to get help. It became important for me to promote healing and to promote the idea that we survivors of abuse must be our own best advocates so we can get the help we need.

Tuesday, May 04, 2010

I woke up that morning with a real sense of gratitude. I grabbed my coffee and jumped on the show. I wanted to show my gratitude and thankfulness to all of my

supporters, friends, fellow advocates who had been supporting me through my healing journey. I wanted my listeners to know how much I truly appreciated their support.

The last few shows were about the effects of child sexual abuse and wanted to really raise awareness about the reality of what abuse does to people. I wanted to really go into the issues of “silence” and the fact that silence was the main issue, lies, and denial are what help to keep abuse going. I knew I wasn’t the only one speaking out about these issues. There were plenty of advocates and public speakers speaking about the issues of child abuse and speaking “truth” and the “reality” of just how much society and abusers wanted to keep it under the carpet, behind closed doors.



Fighting to Live

Monday, May 17, 2010

Summer was coming. Things were definitely moving fast. I had been so busy working, volunteering and doing the shows that months were rolling by without my noticing them much. Advocacy and public speaking were really becoming my focus and I no longer wondered what direction I wanted to go in. I knew that this is what I wanted to do for the rest of my life.

I had really become comfortable sharing my most inner thoughts with the listeners and was hoping that others would understand what I was saying and just how honest and sincere I really was. This was my heart, poured out for everyone to see. I wanted the listeners to know that no matter how hard things got, to never give up, to fight to live and not die.

Memories and flashbacks about the abuse I suffered at my parent's hands and the hands of my brother were still happening. I was finding it easier to deal with them as the months rolled on. Talking about the abuse I suffered and the destruction of my family due to my parent's abusive behaviors was definitely helping. I was finding a sense of peace but it wasn't a "full" peace. I still had so much work to do, even though I had come so

far.

I had started hosting Blog Talk shows for the not for profit organization I was volunteering with as well, and by this point I was doing about fifteen Blog Talk Radio shows a week. I was definitely becoming more comfortable with just allowing my words and thoughts to come out with ease.

Wednesday, June 02, 2010

I had been looking into adult survivor coping information to learn how to cope for myself. I needed to set some coping skills and mechanisms in place. I seemed fine on the outside, as usual. I could work, hold down jobs, and look completely fine on the outside, and be crumbling on the inside. I had been doing this since I was a child.

Living in fear, being abused, being sexually abused, and then abused some more had trained me to be okay on the outside and not okay on the inside. I still had to learn how to get up and go to school as a child, after listening to my parents fighting all night, hearing my dad raping my mom, hearing my dad beating on my brothers, the cursing and swearing and name calling would go on, day after day.

Warping my sense of security, warping my mind, and the abuse I was suffering from my mom was hurting my

body and my mind. I had to learn how to put it all away so I could get up and go to school the next day. At school, I would sit in my class and wonder what was happening at home, and wonder if my dad would kill my mom, or my mom would kill my dad. I also used to worry as it got close to the end of the school day and I would be going home. I never knew what I would be walking into as I walked in the front door after school. I never knew if I would be hit, or screamed at, beaten or kicked around.

It kept me on a level of anxiety; a fight or flight situation all the time. The adrenalin that would course through my body everyday and every night was too much for my little body to handle. My book, "A Life of Death: The Redemption" detailed a lot of the abuse, but I felt that talking was a much better way for people to know what it was to be abused and to not have any hope for a better day.

I Will Not Treat You Like That.....

Sunday, June 27, 2010 at 11:02am

written by Laurie Ann Smith

I was a child, I spilled my cereal, you beat me, I cried
now that you are old and feeble,
spilling your cereal on the breakfast table,

I will not treat you like that

I was a child, put my feet over the arms of the chair,
you hit me, called me names,
screaming in my face, causing me fear and shame,
now that you are old and feeble,
with your feet upon the coffee table,
I will not treat you like that

I was a child, who mommy and daddy could not love,
you hurt me, you beat me, threw me to the ground,
I cried out in pain, but you did not care, you left me
in a pile on the floor, gasping for air
now that you are old and feeble, needing love and
support, I will not grab you and choke you by the
throat, I will not treat you like that

I was a child, you caused me to fear, for my own
life and for my brothers and sister so dear
the nightmares you caused me were my day to day
reality, nowhere to turn, no hope in sight, day after
day subjected to your might, abused and confused,
now that you are old and feeble, your own fears
and doubts, afraid of the dark and the strange sounds
needing someone to rescue you from the reality of
growing old and confused,
I will not treat you like that

Your seven children who you tortured and beat,
shoved into walls, fists to our bodies, your words hit

even harder than that, as they disfigured our hearts and minds, and your disdain and hatred caused us all to consider ending our lives, and now that you are old and feeble, needing our help to survive, we know what you did, although you don't remember the pain that you caused or even consider, as you complain that your children are not treating you right, did you ever consider what we went through all of our lives, the hell we endured at your hands and now you cry out and do not understand, but we will not treat you like that.

Monday, June 28, 2010

Seven months had gone by since I began speaking on Blog Talk Radio. I was feeling better, and had been receiving so much support from people I had met because of reaching out, speaking out, and my advocacy work. I realized that this was actually working to help me. I continued to do my shows at night, Child Abuse Prevention and Human Rights Abuse Prevention is up to US! and also the shows on the weekend. The total combination of all the shows I was doing was really making a difference in my life and I was hoping it was making a difference for others too.

My dad had finally found a seniors lodge and would be moving out by the middle of July. I was very happy about this as it had been a full year since he came to

stay with me. It was a hard year, and I do not doubt that the reason I began writing my blog and speaking on Blog Talk Radio was for that very reason. My abuser was living with me again, and my inner child was screaming out, Not again! Do not let him hurt me again! My adult self knew that it was temporary, but my wounded inner child was happy to know that the end was finally in sight.

I had no support from my sister or brother who were absent in my life, as they had always been. They were in denial and compliance with my abuser dad and did not care that he had hurt our mother, raped our mother, hurt his children. They just did not care about anything. I chose to slowly start to shut them out of my life.

Wednesday, July 07, 2010

Recent topics about trauma and how to cope with the aftermath had me realizing that I needed a balance. I had been doing so much looking back my whole life, and especially since starting my healing journey, May 22, 2007. I had been on my healing journey for three years now and had spent a lot of time looking back in order to make sense of what happened to me to cause

me to behave the way I did as a youth and the self sabotage and drug use I had used to cope.

As I read the material on how to have balance and begin to be in the here and now, in the present, was helping me to remember to do these things in my daily routine. I decided that I had better start doing some of these things as I still had quite a lot of healing work to do.

It was summer, and I loved summer. I did not have much time to enjoy it though with the schedule I was on. I was enjoying the warm temperatures and not having to bundle up with heavy coats and snow boots. Summers are short in Canada, but once you experience a winter in Canada, you really appreciate the summer no matter how short the season is. I had no time to go and sit in the park or take walks after work because of my online advocacy work.

My role with the not for profit I was volunteering for was keeping me busy. I felt it necessary to just keep going and speak out as much as I could. I had developed some amazing friendships with other advocates and was really feeling “connected”. This was a feeling that I had never experienced before. I had never felt this connected to anything, so I was determined to keep going.

The Path to Destruction, The Road to Healing

Grabbing my coffee, I quickly got ready to do the show. I had been looking at a lot of material that covered the topics of adult survivor issues. These articles went into the details of how hard it is for survivors of child abuse, and discussed in depth some of the many behavioral and coping mechanisms that abused children sometimes pick up along the way.

I could relate to all of this material and decided to be as blunt and honest as I could be. I really wanted to be inclusive on just how much damage the abuse that I endured was on my life, how it had nearly destroyed me, and then I nearly destroyed me all the way through my teen years, my early adult years, and then up until the age of 41 when I was still considering self injuring and suicide as a means of escape.

I went into detail after detail of just what living in that hell did to me and my siblings and my whole family for that matter. The shows would begin to take on a center, a core about just exactly what happened and the amount of damage and destruction that was done because of my parents.

I detailed the drug abuse I was involved in from the age of 12 to 21, the suicidal tendencies I had since I was about 10 years old.

I wanted the listener to know that my parents had tried their best to destroy us, and would literally tell us all that they were going to kill us in the middle of the night. My mother would often tell me she would kill me if I ever told anyone about the abuse in our home. She was quite often screaming at me while she was beating me, at the top of her lungs, "I WILL KILL YOU!!" and I believed her as she spilled my blood, bashing my head in, kicking me, knocking my head into the clothes dryer. These scenes were not hard for me to remember. They were part of my daily experiences.

The impact of growing up in hell, my parents hell, caused us to want to end our lives, suicide seemed to be an option for all of us, as we heard our mom and dad talking about killing themselves. My dad was suicidal the whole time I was growing up and used to run down the freeway in the middle of the night, naked, trying to get hit by a car or a semi truck.

Our parents had set this life of death up for us. They brought us all to a complete destruction of our minds, our spirits, our souls, and our bodies. I did not care if I lived or died, as my parents did not care if any of us lived or died.

My mother had told me I was a rape child, born out of rape, marital rape and that she did not want me. I knew I was not wanted, and I knew that my mom and

dad did not love me, or any of their children for that matter. It caused me to become who they created me to be; a child of pain, a child of hatred, a child of rage and self loathing. Then they beat me for it.

I had to learn how to love myself, how to get in touch with my inner child to help her, to reach out to myself from so long ago, that child who needed love, care, help and never got it.

I began to describe the imaginary necklace that was around my neck since childhood. It was a necklace full of hatred, evil, pain, suffering, and torture and was put there by my abusers, and I finally took that necklace off and threw it away, never to return.

I wanted the listeners to know that we have to learn to love ourselves, to take care of ourselves, to be good to ourselves, and to get the help we so deserved in order to heal and have a good life. I was actually just reinforcing that notion to myself, and hoping it would help anyone else out there who had been abused and was still suffering. I wanted them to know that it was my choice to stay alive, to get help, to reach out and to never give up. I would tell the listeners that "I win the fight, because I did not allow my parents to destroy me, as they did my brothers" and I was hoping they would stick around and win this fight with me.

Thursday, July 22, 2010

I woke up to another beautiful summer morning. The sun was already up, and I opened the blinds and took a look at the downtown core my apartment faced. It was another day, another chance to try and make a difference in this world, another chance to try and make some peace in my heart.

I went through my normal morning routine of grabbing my coffee and having a few gulps before the show. The material I was covering was really bringing a lot out of me as it was exactly what I had experienced. I began talking again about my youth and the high risk behaviors I took on; drug abuse, running on the streets, living violently at home, and outside of my home.

I had not talked too much about what the sexual abuse I suffered as a child had done to me but as we read through the article, I told the listeners about my inability to let anyone touch my body from the years of abuse I suffered at my mother's hands, but I did not mention the sexual assaults from my brother. I mentioned being molested as a child, but did not go into any further details. I was not comfortable enough to talk about it yet.

I talked about how I felt as a young girl, knowing I was different than the kids in my class in elementary school. They let me know, teasing me, making fun of my

clothes, and my behaviors as I was bruised and battered, dirty and wearing my pajama's to school. My mom did not attempt to hide the bruises and told me to tell the teacher she hit me and would hit me again. My mom just didn't care.

My world was a world of pain and suffering, created by my parents and adopted by my siblings and myself after living through years, and lifetimes of the reality of being abused and living in a violent world.

I had relationship issues with every type of relationship, my sweetheart, who I did not trust and after the loss of our baby, miscarriage nearly five months into the pregnancy left me full of doubts and depressed. I left him for a year. I had to learn that I could trust him and when we got back together, I had to be sure he was going to do his part and I was going to do my part and we were going to have a loving relationship, supporting each other. I did not want to repeat my parent's disastrous marriage.

I wanted the listeners to know that we as survivors of abuse cannot repeat our past, cannot repeat the cycle. We need to change those behaviors, and change those dysfunctional belief systems.

As the summer months rolled on I would cover topics dealing with co-dependency, depression, self injuring, self sabotaging, trauma, toxic shame, family crisis, inner

child work.

I began really speaking out about what my parents had done the whole time we were growing up, their abusive behaviors towards each other, and to us.

Monday, August 23, 2010

I began to talk about the child sexual abuse during this show. Talking about dissociation, and toxic shame, I began to think about what happened to me as a child and I finally felt that I was strong enough to begin talking about it and also strong enough to begin the work on looking at what happened to me as a child. I knew that I had bit his ear or nose, but the memories were foggy.

I had not thought about the sexual abuse for so long and only started to think about it since beginning my healing journey at the age of 41. I wanted to see it, I wanted to remember what happened because I knew that was the only way I would be able to close the book on this chapter of evil and torture that affected my whole life.

August would come and go, days rolled into what seemed one long day as my schedule was hectic. I was so heavily involved with child abuse prevention advocacy and Blog Talk Radio shows, that when I went to work, it was like taking a break. I was on a roll. I

dared not stop or slow down for fear that I would not be able to gain that kind of momentum again. I also did not want to overdo it or burn out, so I was trying hard to maintain a balance, but I was finding it harder and harder to do as 2010 rolled by.

September arrived and I was ten months on the air, and ten months further along in my healing journey. I would begin my inner child healing work from here on. I had only been able to see her before, but had not done the work to reach her, to help her and to try to help her heal. I wasn't even sure if I believed in inner child healing at this point as I did not know a whole lot about it. But, I was willing to try, willing to try anything to help my little self who needed help so long ago and did not get it. This would prove to be what I needed as the next year rolled by.

I had made a very important decision to cut off my dad and sister, and shut them out of my life. After my dad had moved to his senior's lodge, my sister and I spent very little time together. None of us got along anyway, and their toxic behaviors were still the same as they always had been, and I was on my healing journey. I decided it was best to cut them out of my life and shut off all communication. My brother had been ignoring me for the last four years anyway, so I had no intentions of trying to maintain a relationship with him. So, that

left it just me and Cecil, my sweetheart, my cat and my bunny.

My co-workers and I were getting ready to close down the office I was working at. We were geared up for the office to close around the middle of October. I was not concerned about finding a job. I had faith that something would come up, and my heart was with my advocacy work that finding a job did not seem to be a priority.

Cecil's birthday came and went. He turned 65 this year, and I would be 45 years old in December. The year was moving too fast and disappearing quickly. I was busy doing the inner child healing work that I was working through on the shows, and it was helping. It was also helping me to be able to feel some of the feelings I needed to feel as a child and wasn't allowed to. If I showed any emotions at all about the abuse I was forced to endure, I was just abused more. This inner child healing work was really helping.

I would not talk about my advocacy work or healing work I had been doing with Cecil. He knew about all the work I had been doing and read my book when it was published earlier that year, but when I would go to visit him, he was so out of it due to the morphine addiction he had in order to kill his pain, and I did not want to upset him with what I was doing as he knew I was

abused as a child and it upset him to think about it.

His nose would start to bleed when he would think about what I went through as a child. His health was so fragile and I did not want to make it worse, so I kept this to myself and only with the online community I had been a part of for the last two years.

Tuesday, September 13, 2010

The show was still focusing on inner child healing work as the months rolled by. I began feeling more comfortable talking about the molestation I endured as a child, and began talking about the memories that I had pushed down inside of me, and hidden away. I knew I had been violently assaulted as a child, but part of me had locked it away to protect me through the years. As the months rolled on, more and more of the child sexual abuse I suffered would begin to surface. I became more and more eager to face it, as I knew that one day I would have to face it, and I wanted to get it over with.

Fall was on the way and my work with the not for profit organization I was volunteering with was taking all of my spare time. My job contract was nearly up as the office I was working at was closing up in October. I

was heading for another job change and also preparing to go to California to advocate with the organization I was with.

I was excited about all of the great things that were happening and did not want to stop for one minutes' rest. There was so much work to do, that my healing journey could only be done in very short spurts; short periods of the day before work, and the show was really about the only time I had to devote to my healing journey. I was very thankful to have this medium to help me through the pain, help me with my day to day adult survivor issues.

After work, I would spend hours online posting information for the organization, as well as chatting with the other board members about the trip coming up. We were all excited about this trip coming up as we were hoping it would help get the word out about the work we were doing, and get involved and support us.

We were working on videos for the trip to California as well as promoting the event. I was also nearly finished with my book "La Veta Juvies". This book was a truthful account of one summer of my life with my friends as well as a more detailed look at the abuse I was enduring at the hands of my parents as a teen, my own drug addictions, self destruction, self loathing, rage, irresponsibility and my will to die and not live as a

teen. This book was written to show just how hard it really is for teens who are being abused, or who have been abused, and the damage done.

I was hoping to reach out to teens to encourage them to get help if they are being abused or know someone who is being abused. We wanted to have this book come out before the trip so I was busy on the weekends tying it up, and finishing the final chapters.

There was truly no time to rest, no time to stop, and no time to sit back and relax at this point, and it wasn't looking like it was going to slow down anytime soon.

Monday, September 27, 2010

We had finished up the inner child work, and began looking at anger management website I had stumbled across while looking for information about the shame, rage connection and it's relation to surviving child abuse.

I began to talk about the cycle of abuse that had been passed on down through the generations in my family. This horrific situation was just that, a cycle of abuse. My mom was my main abuser, and her mother abused her. My mother would tell me about all the horrific things my grandmother did to her, and her siblings. My mom took on the role of protector with her

own siblings, and then when she married an abusive man, she fell apart and abused her own children.

I wanted the listener to know and understand that abuse is a choice, and that we have to make the right decision and not pass this cycle on, not become abusers, and not allow ourselves to be abused as adults. We had some clear and all important decisions to make to help ourselves have a good life.

I wanted the listeners to know that we should not allow the abuse we suffered destroy our lives. The choice is ours. It had taken me until the age of 41 years old to realize that I had been doing exactly that; allowing the abuse I suffered and endured as a child to destroy me, a literal “life of death”, “life of hell”. I wanted the listeners to change the way they felt and reach out and get help, whatever help they needed, but to not give up.

The shame was not mine, and I knew that the shame belonged to my abusers; my mom, my dad, and my brother who sexually abused me. The shame belonged to them. We could create a new life script for ourselves. We could learn how to love ourselves, how to nurture ourselves, how to believe in ourselves and be good to ourselves. We could have a good life. I knew this was the truth, and I wanted to shout it out to the world.

As the weeks rolled on I began to cover topics about child psychological abuse at night on Child Abuse Prevention and Human Rights Abuse Prevention is Up to US! I was also talking about the abuse I witnessed and suffered as a child. I talked about the child sexual abuse I suffered on my evening shows as well, and this journey was taking shape right before my eyes.

All I knew was that this “talking publically” about child abuse, and my own story, was really helping me to feel better about things; and helping me to make sense of what I had gone through as a child and put it into perspective in my adult life.

I was really learning how to manage my feelings and emotions about the abuse I went through by learning how to talk about it. I had no idea how long I would be doing the shows, but I knew it was helping me, and I was hoping the shows were helping other survivors of abuse.

Friday, October 15, 2010

I woke up and stretched. Yawning I turned off the alarm clock and headed for the kitchen to make the coffee. This routine was my life for nearly a year now. I had been doing the “One Child Abuse Survivor 2 another” show five days a week and had changed it to a

half hour show sometime back. I began talking about the issues of control and how I could not control what others were going to do. I could only control my own actions and behaviors.

This morning I would talk about my sister, and how she said nothing to me when I had disclosed being sexually abused by our brother when I was eight years old. I sat there with my headphones on, and as I was speaking to the listeners, I began to disclose the fact that I had absolutely no support from anyone in my family as a child or an adult, and even after disclosing the abuse to my sister, I still had no support.

I remembered back to when I was eight years old and the pain and torture I was in while being raped and sodomized, but I still could not bring myself to talk about it on the air with the public. This would not happen for another year.

In my heart I could not believe that my sister just sat there. I expected her to say something; anything. I wanted her to hug me, to hold me and to sit with me and to show her support and show that she cared that I was sexually assaulted and used for a sex toy by our brother Rob. Part of me expected my sister to tell me that she did not believe me, and that I was lying, or making it up. The other part of me expected her to care.

The reality was, she would remain in denial and

pretend she did not hear me. I thought about this, over and over, and wondered if at some point in our lives, as we approached our senior years, whether or not she would ever acknowledge what I said to her that night in her car, that cold December night. I knew that I would remember that for the rest of my life.

I knew I was on my own and the only support I had was from my sweetheart Cecil and my online community on Facebook and other social networking sites.

Tuesday, November 09, 2010

My shows this fall had become very honest and I had started to let the listeners know that I was not sugarcoating it or minimizing abuse topics, or my story and I began to speak more and more about being sexually abused. I would think about being abused all day as my healing journey went forward.

My job was up at the office, and they closed their doors in October. I was now off work and looking for work, but I was taking full advantage of being off work to do more work on my healing journey and I had really begun to be more honest about my own feelings of how it felt to be abused, to be a survivor. My words just came out, without much thought, and I would speak

from my heart.

It had almost been a full year of doing the shows on Blog Talk Radio and I had begun to find the courage to speak my heart, my pain, and just exactly how horrific the abuse was and the damage it had done to me and our family with no problem.

I was no longer that shy, survivor of abuse whose voice had been silenced for so long. I was no longer afraid of what my family would think about me going public with our family history of abuse. I was no longer feeling guilty about speaking the truth about what my parents did to me, each other, and my siblings. As hard as it was to deal with all of this, it felt good to get it out of me and I hoped by doing this it would help other survivors to know that they too could reach out and get help and break the silence.

As the next shows came and went I had begun to talk about the fact that it was my brother who sexually abused me and not my dad. My dad had been sexually abusing my mom and so I always associated the sexual abuse I suffered with my dad. My dad was a sick man, and had raped my mom in front of me, but I began to remember things about the night I was first molested, and then the subsequent rape and sodomy that opened up my memories to see that it was my brother, and not my dad who had sexually abused me.

I was determined to let the public know just how much my little eight year old self suffered at the hands of my parents and brother, and how much I wanted to be dead by the time I was ten years old. I wanted the world to know just how much damage was done to me and my siblings and family because of my parents' hatred and my brothers' mental illness. I wanted people to know that this is exactly what children are going through today. I wanted the world to know that I am just one of 60 million survivors of child sexual abuse in North America. I wanted the world to know about the bruises, the welts, the blood, the pain, the suffering that was my childhood.

I wanted to continue to be a voice of truth speaking out. My parents had started this war, and I was going to win the war! I was going to win this fight and I was hoping to bring as many along with me as I could to victory, to healing. I began to repeat this mantra to myself every day, "They could not kill me!"

Bound and Gagged

Friday, November 12, 2010

Scratching

Clawing

Pushing

Punching

Darkness

Sobbing

Choking

Blackness

gasping

shaking

bound

gagged

hands

fingers

head

mouth

body

where they

should not

be

overpowering

me

drowning

swallowed

into darkness

8 years old

why is this happening to me???

13 years later
gynecologist tells me
you're no virgin honey
innocence stolen from me
cannot
let
anyone
touch
me
bound
gagged

Laurie Ann Smith

Monday, December 06, 2011

November came and went, as well as the trip to California with the not for profit organization I was volunteering with. We had a great four days of doing our best to make a real attempt to get the word out to the world about stopping child abuse, and child abuse prevention. I came home with a renewed sense that I was definitely on the right path for my life and that this is truly what mattered to me, stopping child abuse.

I was still off work and looking for a job but I had unemployment insurance so that was helping. Christmas was right around the corner and I was excited about that as well. Cecil's health had been so fragile this fall and heading into winter it wasn't looking any better. He was spending enormous amounts of time sleeping due to the morphine he was on for pain, but he was holding on and trying to get through the days and nights.

I continued to visit him during the week and we had always spent Sunday's together, to have a nice dinner, but lately he was sleeping half way through dinner. I was happy that things were going well with my advocacy work, with my books, with my shows and my own healing journey, but on the other hand it was so sad and hard to watch my sweetheart going downhill. He had been putting up a good fight, and I decided I had to do the same and be strong too, for him.

November and December's show topics had mostly been about anger management, which was truly helping me, and my evening show topics were focusing on the different types of abuse as well as domestic abuse and violence.

I had been taking a good hard look at the fact that I was never going to find anyone who would truly be able to take away my pain and make it alright. I had come to

the realization that I would have to be the one to go back and reach into myself, my inner children, to be the one to make things right for myself.

I had been on my healing journey for almost four years at this point and had known this all along, but as I was looking at the behavioral issues I needed to change, I knew that it would have to be me to do it, and I had a long way to go.

Monday, December 13, 2010

I finally disclosed the issue that I had told my mother that my brother was doing things to me at night, and that her response was that it was my problem, not hers, and I felt comfortable talking about this on my evening shows talking about child abuse prevention. I had not felt comfortable talking too much about it on my morning show. I believe this was because I had not gotten in touch with my own feelings about how I actually felt about the rape and sodomy and sexual abuse. Was I mad? Was I hurt? Was I sad? Was I grieving? I was all of those things and more, but had not allowed myself to connect with it.

It had been a year since I had told my sister about

being sexually abused by our brother, and I still had heard nothing from her. I had cut my family off by this time, and was glad I did it. I could not allow their toxicity to ruin the progress I had made through my healing journey. I knew that they would never see me any differently than they always did. I knew that they would never treat me any differently than they ever did. They would always be toxic and co-dependent, and they would never be able to understand why I was even on my healing journey as they would never acknowledge the abuse we grew up with, the torture and torment we all suffered in that home. I was so thankful to be able to speak out.

Thursday, December 16, 2010

Another year had rolled around and it was my birthday again. I woke up feeling pretty good about things, and would be going to Cecil's to spend the evening with him. We would do the usual, have a nice birthday supper and cake and watch television. I began the show and continued talking about a series of articles dealing with the effects of abuse on children and adult survivor issues. I began talking about how the child sexual abuse I suffered affected my life the whole way through. How I hated my body, and had a poor self

image due to the abuse.

I talked about how I had built up a wall around myself as a young girl and did not do any of the normal preteen and teenage activities such as going to dances, going out on dates, going to prom, or allowing any guy to get near me because of I had been sexually abused as a child.

I thought about how it had clearly destroyed my life and my ability to trust. I talked about my relationship with my sweetheart Cecil and how much he had helped me out, but I wanted to listener to know that the sexual abuse I suffered, and also witnessed between my parents had shut me down sexually. I was a non sexual person. No sex.

I had met a guy when I was 21 who I fell in love with and wanted to be with, and it was at that time that I had gone to the gynecologist to get on the pill and have a first check up. I had written that I was a virgin, no sexual intercourse on the patient information form, and the gynecologist told me after the exam was over that I was not a virgin and had been sexually abused as a child.

She asked me if I wanted to recant my statement and press charges, but I insisted I was a virgin. I could not bear to admit that I had been raped and sodomized by my brother, and wanted to believe I was a virgin. It was

too hard to face at that time in my life. That relationship with Mark lasted nearly two years and then was over. I would not have any relationships of any kind or sexual contact until I met Cecil nine years later. I also talked about the sexual abuse I had witnessed in my home between my dad and my mom, and my dad and my brother.

I had seen some horrific things and witnessed my dad holding my brother down on the floor, both of them naked with my dad behind him. My brother was clearly fighting to get free from my dad, and my dad's body was right up against my brothers behind. I believe I had witnessed my dad sodomizing my brother Rob, and after years of thinking about it, I feel that is the reason why my brother Rob raped and sodomized me.

As the month rolled along, I tried to fit in my Christmas shopping as Christmas was nine days away. Cec and I would be celebrating another Christmas together, and this was Cecil's favorite time of year. I had found a contract job for one month, which helped with the bills, but I could only pick Cec up a few gifts as I was broke. I was charging my Blog Talk Shows and was barely making the bills, but I was so thankful to God for providing and continuing to provide the way.

A New Year to Heal

“I felt that if it had gone on any longer I may have died, as my heart and lungs could not take that stimulation much longer. I was nearly unconscious, and could not seem to move my body. I could feel the wet sticky stuff on my inner thighs.”

Tuesday, January 04, 2011

A new year had arrived. I was excited about the new year. Cecil and I had a lovely holiday season together. We had celebrated fifteen years together, and I was so thankful he was still here. My contract job was up and I was now out of work again. I hoped I would not be off for too long but I just continued on in my mission of Blog Talk Radio shows, updating all of my websites and blogs, volunteering with the child abuse prevention organization, and was staying busy enough.

I had at this time begun to really focus on remembering the child sexual abuse I endured as a child. I would sit and pray that God would allow me to fully see what happened to myself at eight years old. I wanted to be able to face it, and then feel the feelings that I would need to feel, and grieve it, mourn it, and then release the pain.

I had always had the body memories of being sexually abused. All of my shows on Blog Talk Radio had really taken shape and I would hold nothing back when talking about the abuse. As the next few months would come and go, I did show after show and just kept telling it like it was.

I managed to get a six month contract job with a corporate office doing web content entry, web design and I was excited about this new job, and this new year. Things were going great. Cecil's health was holding in there, and I had little to no contact with my abuser family which made me really happy.

I had developed some great relationships with some friends who I had been networking with on social networking sites, and one friendship in particular. Gypsywitch Kate from Australia had become my confident and best friend. She had been in my chatroom on my shows on Blog Talk Radio nearly every day, and most of the evening shows as well. She was a voice of encouragement and she was a nurturing friend who truly knew what I had suffered and been through, and how much I needed support, friendship, love, hugs, and someone to care. She showed me how much she cared everyday as I would wake up and turn my computer on to get ready for the shows, I would check my messages and there would always be an uplifting message from

Kate. My cold and wounded heart began to warm up after meeting Kate, and I knew that my life would never be that hard ever again while she was in my life.

She managed to be there for me, even though she was in Australia, thousands of miles away. I had other close friends who had been with me through this whole journey and they lived thousands of miles away. Donna, Sandra, Elizabeth, Marie, Narelle, Princess Kayln, Donna D., Deana, Lela, Chris, Laura S, Laura L., Sue E., John S., John H., Kate S., Tori., Amber, Sarah, Sara, Rae L., Mary W., Joanne P., Lynn T., Josie, Annie, Cathy, Rhonda, Terri C., Susan D., Pete B., Renee W., Cici S., Mary B., Sherri S., Angylee, Sheryl, Becky W., Betty C., Linda R., and the list goes on and on.

These people truly cared about me and spent years with me, supporting me, supporting my work in this fight to stop child abuse, and checking in with me to see how I was doing. The compassion they showed toward me would help me through one of the toughest periods of my healing journey, the pain and torturous memories of being raped and sexually used as a child.

January would come and go and many of my shows focused on child physical abuse and what it does to children, what it did to my own body. The months were going so fast I was definitely feeling the need for a break but I knew that a break was not in store.

Monday, February 21, 2011

February was cold and full blown winter was upon us in Calgary. Every morning I would get up, do the shows, get ready and bundled up for my hour long commute to work and head out for the day. Then I would make the hour long commute home after work and have a little bite to eat and get back to work on my advocacy work.

I began focusing on the inner child healing work and had found some great information on a few websites. This information was very good for me, as I wanted to do the inner child healing work and had felt that I was now in a good place and frame of mind to be able to do the work.

The next few months' shows would all focus on inner child healing work and child sexual abuse mainly. I had done hundreds and hundreds of shows, and some of the shows had hundreds of listeners. I was happy people were listening, and I was hoping that the shows were helping someone out there.

I was now comfortable about saying the words "I was sexually used by my brother". Before, I had only been able to say that I had been molested, but now I was actually able to say the words and say to the world that I was a victim of incest, rape, sodomy, sexual abuse and my brother was the perpetrator.

It was freeing to be able to say it and not carry the

shame any longer. The shame did not belong to me; it belonged to my abusers, my parents and sibling.

Spring would roll around and show after show, I began to really describe my most intimate feelings to the listeners about the child sexual abuse, the abuse from my parents, and the whole toll the abuse had on my life. These shows would be the actual “talk therapy” that helped me to finally get in touch with the memories of being sexually abused, and then help me to learn become comfortable breaking the silence about the serious affects it had on me as a child.

There was no time for a break at this point, even though I so needed one. I was exhausted from all of the work I had done over the last nearly two years, and all of the advocacy work I had done with the not for profits I volunteered with, not to mention my full time job, and my physical health not the greatest.

It was all starting to take a toll on me physically. Mentally and psychologically, it was exactly what I needed; to keep pushing toward the light, to keep reaching out. Had I backed off and taken a break, I would have lost my momentum, and lost the aggressive stance I had toward getting a hold of the actual memories of the child sexual abuse and incest I had suffered. I was determined to get through and, get through is exactly what happened.

I managed to break down that barrier that had kept me from seeing the abuse memories. I had destroyed that wall, and was now able to see what happened to me as a child. I so wanted to help myself, my eight year old self, who was still so wounded, lying on that bed, bound and gagged, bleeding, alone, frightened, and nearly dead. It happened exactly at the right time, as I knew that was the way these things worked.

Scared and Scarred

July 7, 2011

I remembered:

One night I awoke abruptly to feel something being shoved into my mouth. It was a cloth of some sort and filled my mouth entirely, forcing my jaws open. I panicked, and started to try and move but my wrists were bound and my arms were pulled up over my head and tied to the headboard.

A strip of some type of tape was placed over my mouth and I had no time to react. It was dark in the room, and the only light coming in to break the darkness was a strip of light that entered in from the window on the wall by my bed, it was enough light that I could see it was my older brother, moving fast and as quiet as possible.

My night gown had been removed and I could feel my breath coming in and out of my nose and was so scared as I was looking around in confusion.

What was happening? After securing the tape, my brother Rob, who was 13 years older than me, moved down to the end of my bed, pulled my panties off and firmly gripped my legs, pulling them apart widely.

He placed his head between my legs and began performing oral sex on me. My mind was in shock! I could not believe this was happening to me. I struggled with my legs to get free from his grasp, but he had a firm grip on my legs and I could not move.

He pushed his mouth and tongue harder against my genitals and vagina. The sensation of this was overwhelming for my body. I had no control over my muscles and, my body was reacting and jerking uncontrollably.

My breath was coming faster, gasping for air through my nose. I was panicking but he was so busy getting off on this that he let go of my left leg and began to masturbate.

I saw my opportunity and slammed his head with my knee and started to kick as hard as I could, catching his face and shoulder with my foot. This infuriated him. I could see his eyes and the angry look on his face. I noticed he did not have any jeans or underwear on.

He quickly and forcefully grabbed my legs and flipped me over onto my stomach. I thought to myself, "what is he doing? I'm going to get the belt for sure" as I had been in this position on my bed many times being beaten with a belt by my dad. Not tied up and gagged, but nevertheless, beaten. My brother pulled me down

to the bottom of my bed as far as he could, my arms stretched out in front of me above my head as far as the rope could go. I was crying and having a hard time breathing, waiting for the sting of the belt.

He climbed up on the bed and positioned himself between my legs. He grabbed my hips and lifted my body up over his knees. I felt something push against my bum hole, and I began to panic.

I was not sure what was happening, but I found out as he pushed his hard, erect penis into the opening of my anus and angrily and forcefully began to shove it in, shoving as hard and fast as he could.

He had placed a pillow over my head and was pushing my face further into the mattress with one hand. I was only able to breathe through my nose, and this cut my airflow off completely.

I felt like passing out. A white hot burning light pierced through my brain, intense pain came over my whole body as he angrily shoved his penis as hard as he could further and further into my anus.

He was punishing me for not letting him do what he pleased to my body. "AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH" "OH GOD!! OH GODDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!! THAT HUUUUUUUUURTS!! STOP BROTHER!! AAHHHHH!!" was going through my mind. No sound was escaping

through the mattress or the pillow as I was completely muffled. I wanted him to stop hurting me.

After what seemed an eternity, still inside me, he leaned over my body, causing me even more pain and with his head next to my ear, pulled the pillow away and finally some air entered my nose.

I was nearly sick to my stomach but throwing up would have done no good as my mouth was full at the moment. Tears streamed from my eyes, and my bum hole was burning, my insides were burning as if they were on fire.

I was in so much pain I could not move if I wanted to. I was in so much shock I couldn't move if I wanted to. I just laid there shaking as every move he made was like a knife cutting into my insides and my intestines.

He whispered in my ear, "behave and I'll take it out. You want me to take it out?" I shook my head yes and hoped he would take it out. "If you do what I say and be quiet and behave yourself I will take it out" he whispered.

"If you make any noise or tell mom and dad or anyone about this I will put it back in", I shook my head no, and he took it out. "OH GOD IT HURTS" I thought in my head as tears of pain poured from my eyes.

I was relieved he was pulling it out, but each

movement he made to pull it out was a new experience in pain, the pain was excruciating. I felt as if my spine was being ripped apart and it seemed like every nerve in my body was on fire.

I was moaning and groaning in pain and having a hard time breathing through the snot that was coming from my nose. He roughly turned me back over onto my back and got right back to his sexual perversion.

He readjusted a towel that was under me, as it had moved during the assault on my bum. He quickly positioned me where he wanted me, with my legs spread on each side of his he put Vaseline on his erection and positioned me in front of him.

His erected penis was stiff and hard as a rock now and with his fingers he guided it into my vagina. I was so afraid, so scared and could see his eyes in the darkened room, I saw his determination and anger and perversion all twisted into one evil glare.

This time he pushed a little slower, and began to use his thumb to rub my clitoris and vulva again. He worked fast and within a few minutes of doing this he had vibrated me to a frenzy, as he worked his penis into my vagina.

He kept pushing and pushing but his penis was way too large to go into my eight year old vagina. He was not

giving up and was determined to get it in. I was almost ready to pass out as my breathing was coming so fast now I could not get enough air.

My own snot and mucous was nearly drowning me going down the back of my throat. My body jerked uncontrollably and was bucking as his thumb vibrated my clitoris. “No!” “No!” “No!” “OH GOD!! OH GOD!! OH GOD!!” was repeating in my head.

My legs and feet were now jerking and shaking uncontrollably. Being in this position and being stimulated for this long was uncomfortable, and his thumb was hurting my clitoris. His thumb nail was digging into my skin as he vibrated it as fast and hard as he could, causing my body to react as a woman’s body would and my back arched and lifted off the bed.

I moaned in agony as my body pulled against the ropes that were tied to the headboard. “AHHHHHHHHH” the pain escaped through my muffled throat and vocal chords were betraying me. This excited my brother.

He became even more aggressive and began to shove his penis into my vagina, ramming me with more force, more urgency until with one brutal push, his penis was finally in, tearing through my hymen.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!! I screamed in

my head, and a barely audible noise escaped through my muffled mouth. I could not breathe. Sharp shooting pain exploded in my vagina and all over my body as my insides were being torn apart and my hymen ripped from the walls of my vagina.

“OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! IT HURTS!!” I was screaming in my head, and whimpering and moaning. Staring at the ceiling, I nearly passed out. I could not see anything, tears streamed from my eyes.

My body had betrayed me! My brother Rob, who I loved so much had betrayed my body and me! He was getting so turned on and aroused and each lunge into my vagina was causing me excruciating pain, “OH GODDDDDD!! IT’S BURNING!! BURNING!!

AHHHHHHH!! Why is this happening to me? What did I do wrong?” was rolling around in my mind as my body jerked with each thrust as he penetrated me.

My brother was now starting to grunt and groan as he gripped my thigh with one hand, pushing his penis into me, while pulling my body up against his at the same time, with a seesaw motion.

I thought I would die. “AHHHHHH!!” “AHHHHH!!” “AHHHHH!!” Sounds of pain gurgled from my throat with each thrust. I could not think, I just laid there at his mercy, his sex toy to do what he pleased. He was taking

ownership of me. He was the master. He was in total control. He did not pay any attention to the fact that I was crying and in agony. The only thing that seemed to get his attention was the way my body was responding and reacting as he penetrated and stimulated me.

With one hand, he continued vibrating my clitoris with his thumb faster and harder than he had before. Frenzied animalistic noises were coming from somewhere deep inside me. My ears were pounding with the sound of my heart beat and the pressure on my heart.

I felt like I was going to pass out, my heart and lungs were about to burst as he climaxed and finally ejaculated inside me. I was so glad he stopped jerking in and out. It hurt so bad.

I felt that if it had gone on any longer I may have died, as my heart and lungs could not take that stimulation much longer. I was nearly unconscious, and could not seem to move my body. I could feel the wet sticky stuff on my inner thighs.

My brother pulled himself out of me, causing me even more excruciating pain. He hurriedly wiped his penis with a huge wad of paper towels and stuffed the paper towels between my legs, to soak up the blood and semen seeping out from my vagina. This sent shock

waves through my body again, as I was raw and hypersensitive; every movement brought pain with it. He repositioned a towel under me. He put my panties on and pulled them up to hold the paper towels in place.

He moved around to the top of my bed and untied my wrists. Leaning over me, he whispered in my ear “Keep the paper towels between your legs, and if you tell anyone what we did tonight, I will shove my dick back in your bum EVERY NIGHT. You hear me? EVERY NIGHT!!!” he said threateningly, grabbing his jeans and sliding into them.

I agreed by nodding my head yes. I did not want his dick in my bum ever again. I did not want his dick in my pee pee either, but I knew I could not take another round in my bum.

He put Vaseline around the tape and started to work it off my face and mouth. He pulled the saliva soaked sock out of my mouth, whispering in my ear “you are MY whore”.

My lungs filled with air. Cool fresh air. I was exhausted, sweaty, bruised, bleeding, raw and sore. Every part of my body hurt and I did not even notice my brother leave the room and close the door behind him.

I writhed in pain, panting, and sobbing to myself,

curled up into a fetal position and tried to get my heart to slow down and my lungs to get back to normal.

I needed to pee so bad, but did not make a move. I don't think I could have at that moment, so I just held my pee, which was causing me even more pain. I could feel the blood and semen seep out of my vagina. I was scared. I was scarred.

My mind could think of one thing, and one thing only, and that was "why?" Images of seeing my legs and feet jerking in the air as he raped and penetrated me, and the ceiling filled my mind. His angry face flashed in my mind, and his look of pleasure and the way his face became contorted as he came inside me.

My body was still so stimulated that I continued to jerk and shake, squirm and moan. The muscles in my vagina were still contracting and moving. I hoped it would stop and I hoped that I would not ever have to go through this again. I hoped I could stop these feelings as my body had a mind of its own. Exhausted and nearly unconscious, at some point I finally drifted off to sleep.

In 15 minutes, my brother stole my virginity. In fifteen minutes, my brother turned me from an eight year old girl, into his whore. He stole my flower. He stole my life, my body, my mind and my soul, and damned me to a life of hell, his hell.

July 12, 2011

After spending days looking for information about healing from CSA/Incest, I did not see anything about healing cleanses I could do for myself at home. I decided that I knew what to do to cleanse myself, and to go through a cleanse for my inner child, the 8 year old girl within me who was still so wounded. I had a cleansing shower and expelled my brother's evil seed from my body, her body.

We washed away the pain, the filth, the evil control that he still had over her and myself. He had been spiritually raping me for 37 years, daily, nightly, and I expelled him and his power for both of us.

I took back my power for both of us. I did not cry. I held myself, kissed myself on the arm, and just continued to self nurture and self soothe. That shower was what I needed to symbolically expel and rid myself of the years of torment of having been so damaged by my brother.

Child of Pain

Saturday, July 16, 2011

Oh my child, my child of pain
Let me hold you if you trust me
I promise I won't leave you again

Left alone in the dark these many years
Bound and Gagged in so much pain
those endless tears you cried all alone
the door was shut, you were left on your own
The torture and torment as he raped you
37 years, while I did not want to think about you
I had to split, my child of pain as I knew
I could not live with that kind of pain

Your wounded body, raped and torn
Your wounded soul, Your life he stole
My wounded body, did finally heal
No children would I have from the ordeal
My wounded mind, raped everyday
As I knew the truth about my child of pain

Let me untie you, set you free
I will sit here on the bed and keep you company
One day we will truly heal, learn to love again

Let me help you precious girl
We can hold each other

Soothe away the pain
Together we will take back our body
We will take back our virginity
We will take back our power
He cannot hurt us anymore
We have purged and cleansed ourself
From his evil deeds

We are free my precious to love ourselves
No longer do we live in shame
No longer will we have to endure this pain
It is over my precious child
I promise I will never leave you again

Written by Laurie Ann Smith 2011

Oh Mommy, Stop Hurting Me

July 17th, 2011

Oh mommy, stop hurting me
I promise I'll be good
How come you don't hear me?
When I say I am sorry?

Oh mommy, don't beat me
again with that belt
Please don't shout those ugly names
for I am not a whore, a slut, a cunt,

I am not a bitch, or a rotten kid
I love you mommy, and I always did

Oh mommy, please don't punch me
with your fists
Look at how my nose bleeds mommy,
can you help me with this?
Please don't bash me in the head and
leave me on the floor in a pool of blood
Saying you wished I was dead

Oh mommy, please stop brother from
hurting me. I'm in pain from what he is
doing to me
Please don't tell me, it's my problem
and you do not care
He's hurting me over and over and I'm
in such pain

Oh mommy, please tell me you love me
please show me you care
Wrap your your arms around me and
hold me tight, please kiss me and
tell me you will make it alright

Oh mommy, are you there?

written by Laurie Ann Smith 2011

All Will Be Revealed

July 27th, 2011

As the summer days and nights came and went, I continued to do my Blog Talk Radio shows, talking mainly about the CSA/Incest and making it very clear the damage done to my body, my mind, my spirit and soul.

I wanted the world to know what my brother did to me. I wanted the world to see that every time a child is raped and sodomized, this is the agony they will go through as their little bodies are not made for that kind of torturous assault upon them.

I wasn't working and honestly hadn't even been looking for a job that whole month after my contract was up. I applied for a few writing positions and did not hear back, so I decided to spend my time and get a hold of the memories, get a hold of the feelings and emotions I had from being sexually abused and used.

I would sit and recall the events themselves, the pain and torture coming back to my mind, memories of my blood and his semen shooting through my vagina, the pain, the infection and the fear filled and dreaded days and nights afterward.

Sitting in my computer chair I could still feel my brother's penis raping me, I had the body memories of him coming in and out of me. I could feel my vagina contracting as the memories flashed through my mind.

This had been going on for years and was very unpleasant, as my adult body, my body now, had enjoyed the pleasure of being intimate and having sex with my sweetheart, and one other man I loved dearly so many years ago.

I had only let two men make love to me in my lifetime. The first broke my heart, the second had tried to help mend it, but was now incapable due to his own terminal illness.

My heart was broken and my mind ashamed because throughout my life, having the body memories of my brother's penis raping me was a daily affair. It was a daily nightmare, a daily reminder of him controlling me, hurting me, using me. It would haunt me; all of those memories were a part of my life every day.

I remembered and I could see myself sitting in our bathtub the next morning after my brother raped and sodomized me, small amount of water, bloody water, and I remember sitting there in so much pain, so much anguish as the tub surface was hard on my bruised and injured bum.

The warm water was stinging my ripped and wounded vagina and bruised vulva, and I was crying, and rocking in the water hugging my knees. The pain was so unbearable that I could not touch my wounded vagina or vulva with the washcloth or soap.

I remember sitting there wondering if I would die, if the pain would go away. I wondered what my mother would do to me if she saw what my brother had done to me. I let the water out, ran some fresh water and repeated this until the water was nearly clear.

I remember looking down at my vagina and the torn tissue and bruised genitals, and realizing that I was so wounded. My whole body ached, and my inner thighs were sore and bruised.

My mind was so numb from the trauma of the experience. I believed my brother when he threatened to put his dick in my bum if I told, so I did not tell, right away. I endured another three assaults before telling my mother.

These assaults took place at various times, and had to be planned around my sister being home. My sister and I shared a room, and just like the first rape, my sister was not home that night. She was five years older and used to work late nights at an office, clipping newspaper articles, or she would be out with her

friends. My mom worked part time during the day and early evening, so this left times when my brother would have total access to me with no one around. I remember these painful assaults, some in the day time, some at night.

August 2, 2011

“take them off” my brother’s voice commanded me. I was half bent over, flinching and backing away from him into my bed, “no, no” my voice whimpered, I did not want to take my clothes off.

I knew what he was going to do to me and my little voice pleaded with him, “please! please, no” he grabbed me and pushed me face first into my mattress, holding me there with one hand while pulling at my blouse , twisting it off me, and then proceeded to pull my pants and panties off.

The wad of toilet paper I had stuffed in my panties to keep the blood from getting on my panties fell to the floor. I was still bleeding from the first rape and sodomy.

No one was home that day and my brother had made some plans to take full advantage of the time alone with

me. The first two assaults had been done in darkness, in the quiet of the night when he had to keep the noise level to a minimum. Today he would enjoy not having to be quiet, and not having to keep me quiet.

After removing my clothes, he still had me up against the bed and tied the rope around my wrists. He turned me to face him and put the gag in my mouth.

He did not use tape, and instead used a wound up handkerchief, because he did not care if I screamed my head off, as long as I did not bite him which I had done the first night he molested me.

I was crying already as I knew what was going to happen. I was not able to focus and my breathing was coming in short quick gasps.

My vagina was still bleeding from the last rape and sodomy. I was still in so much pain and I knew he was going to stick his dick back in my pee pee. I was looking at him, my eyes and grunts pleading with him to not hurt me. Not now, and not ever again.

My brother quickly undressed and sat down on the edge of the bed. He picked me up and put me over his lap face down and began to molest me, he began to fondle my vagina and vulva with his fingers and brushing my bottom and skin with his hands.

He was getting stimulated fast, as I could feel his

erection poking me in the stomach. I started to twist and squirm and he pulled me up, turned me back to him, straddling my legs over his groin and erection. He had me lay forward, as he began to work his penis into my vagina.

I was in horror again! I was in pain and knew it was just going to get worse. I looked down at the floor at his toes and felt a sharp shooting pain as he entered my vagina, which was still too small for his 21 year old erected penis.

He was working on getting it in, and as he managed to get some of himself in there he lifted me up on his erection and brought me down on it. The pain was unbearable, the explosion in my nerves was like being on fire.

Tears were streaming down my face as I was looking ahead at the wall in front of me, his sex toy, as he had his hands on my sides and began lifting me up and down, up and down on his penis. It hurt so bad, I was crying, begging, pleading for him to stop but he had no plans on stopping.

After a few minutes of this, he turned me to face him. With my full weight being straddled on his erection each time he brought me down, I thought for sure his penis would bust through into my tummy, I thought for

sure it would kill me.

I was nearly passing out from the pain as his penis hit my upper vaginal walls and uterus cavity. He smelled horrible, and did not bathe all that often. He had long greasy hair and evil eyes.

He pumped me up and down facing him for awhile, and then leaning me back, he bent his head down to suck my tiny nipples, his saliva slipped out of his mouth and rolled down my chest, he brushed my shoulders and neck with his lips, and then turned and positioned the towel on the bed.

He placed me on the bed on my back and raped me again. He had pinned my legs up with his body, as his 21 year old body was so much bigger than my 8 year old body.

My legs were in the air, and his weight was crushing my hips. One of my hips was already damaged and twisted out of socket from a beating I took from my dad, two years prior, and the pain was unbearable.

I could not breathe and I was gasping as his penis went further into my spine. I just laid there, in agony, writhing in pain, but I was somewhere else. My body was there, and I could feel it all, but my mind was gone.

He was talking dirty to me, telling me I was a dirty girl, I was his whore. I was enjoying him fucking me, I

was going to love being his whore. His words were dancing around in my brain as I just laid there, arms underneath me tied up at the wrists, with my 21 year old brother thrusting his penis as hard as he could into my wounded vagina.

He did not care that tears were pouring from my eyes, and under that gag I was crying, screaming, sobbing, moaning in horrific pain. He did not care that I was in excruciating pain, bleeding, wounded, and every thrust into my vagina was like a knife slicing through me.

He had total control of my body, and as he heaved into me his chest was nearly smothering my face. I could see his stomach contract as he lunged into me. I was completely underneath him and he had my long blonde hair in one hand pulling on it with each thrust.

He quickened his pace and began to rapidly ram himself into me. I could feel the mattress bouncing under us, and hear the head board and the box springs squeaking from his rapid frenzied movements. He was going to make this one count. He was going to fully enjoy the pleasure of his penis in my vagina.

He was loving every second of me underneath him. He did not care that I was not a woman, and I was an 8 year old girl whose vagina and mind was not prepared or ready for sex. He did not care that his penis was

always going to be too big for my eight year old vagina.

He did not care as he hammered his penis so hard into my vagina as if he was trying to make it go all the way through me. This went on for so long I thought I would die.

He grunted, he moaned with pleasure as I was completely trapped under him. He smiled with pleasure as he rocked up into me. "I'm going to fuck you so hard" he said, pulling my hair, he laughed, grunted, arched his body and all the while hammered my vagina with everything he had.

He groaned as his body began to climax. The thrusts were coming so fast I could not catch any air as all the air in my body and lungs was being pushed out with each lunge. I could hardly breathe at this point as his weight was crushing down on me.

When he had finally orgasmed and ejaculated inside me, he pulled his penis out, and rolled me over on my side, and untied my wrists. He went through the same routine and took off the gag, and sat me up.

I could feel the blood and semen slipping out of my vagina. I was dizzy, disoriented, shaking in agony and in so much pain, so sore and so sick.

I looked at my brothers body in front of me as he took the gag off, my blood was all over his legs, his penis

and groin, and looking down at my body, my blood was all over my inner thighs, legs and stomach.

I was nearly sick and he motioned for me to go and shower and clean up. I did as I was told, and was so dizzy I could hardly make it to the bathroom which was directly across from my room. I stood in the shower with him, and was nearly passing out. My legs were so weak, I could hardly stand up. They shook under me, as the muscles twitched. I was so sore and in so much pain. We both washed ourselves. His penis was eye level to me, and as I washed myself, I felt as though I might lose my mind. I felt as if my insides were on fire and that I could pass out right there in the shower.

No one was home that day and I hoped that I would not have to spend the day with him in the house again. Next time I would leave the house and go anywhere just to make sure I was not there with him alone.

August 3, 2011

Another night of hell, my sister was not home again, and he woke me up out of a sleep that was induced by my fatigue from the assaults, my fatigue from lying awake night after night in solid fear that he would come

in and hurt me some more, confusion about why my brother was hurting me, why he would want to hurt me.

I was so ill from the assaults, loss of blood and the infection that was developing in my urinary tract and vagina. I only slept when I would finally pass out from exhaustion.

He woke me up much in the same manner as the first time he raped me. I did not have the strength to struggle at this point, and I was resolved that he was going to have his way with my body no matter how much I fought him.

He had stuck to his promise of not sticking his dick back in my bum up to this point, and I did not want that. I could not take another night of his dick in my bum.

He removed my nightgown as he did not want my blood to get on it, he removed my panties and the wadding of paper towels I had there every day and night because of the blood that was still seeping out of my vagina.

He put the towel back in place under me, which he would remove in the morning before my mom would have a chance to see it. He did not tie me to the headboard as he had other plans tonight.

He tied my wrists behind my back, put the gag and tape in place and got busy. My brother wasted no time

and did not fondle me, his penis was already erect and within seconds he was on my bed and grabbing my legs, he lifted me up on my head, with my vagina in view, he pushed his erection into my vagina and immediately shoved himself down and in and began forcing his penis down into my vagina.

He pumped his penis down into me for awhile, while I looked up at his face, tears were pouring from my eyes. I was crying and hurting so bad, I did not know how much more of this I could take.

I was facing him, and looking up at his penis going in and out of my vagina nearly made me sick. I could see his eyes and face as he was raping me, and realized that this could go on forever.

He got tired of this and pulled himself out of me, he leaned down on his knees and sat back, repositioning the towel under us, and grabbing me, turning me back to him, he positioned me on his lap.

He had me curled in front of him with my head down, as he forcefully entered my vagina from behind. I panicked because I thought he was going to sodomize me again. I was so scared. I was in so much pain already and my mind was going crazy.

I was so small that he had wrapped his arms around my shoulders and was hugging over me, drilling me like

a machine. I could not breathe as I was gagged as usual and my brother was ramming his penis in my vagina so fast and so hard that I could not get any air into my nose.

My own body and vocal chords were producing a continual and steady groan and grunt. I was in so much pain and as his penis rammed from behind I felt it hit my inner most parts, my uterus and I thought it was going to rip right through me. His balls were slapping me as he pumped into me with such force and such urgency and I thought for sure I would die. He was snorting, sputtering, groaning, grunting, his pants of excursion and his lusty animalistic throat noises were in my ears, as he was completely smothering me under his body.

I was so hyper aroused by all of these assaults that I could not control my own bodies reactions and was also groaning and grunting with my own animalistic noises coming from my throat, mixed with sobs of pain and torture in between the rapid succession of thrusts as he raped me from behind as fast and hard as he could.

I could not move as he pulled his penis out after finally coming in me. He untied me and turned me over, sweat pouring off his body onto me, my own sweat mingled with his. I felt as though I had just run a race at

school on the school grounds like we had done the year before.

My heart was pumping so fast I could not get it to calm down. I was so hyper aroused that every move my brother made sent shockwaves through my body.

He had a look of accomplishment on his face as he untied me and took the gag and tape off my mouth. I was wishing I would die. I was hoping he would shove too hard one time and end it for me, this pain, this agony and horror. I was so sore by this time, and still bleeding, he put the towel back into position as it had moved during his frenzied assault. He wiped himself off again and stuffed the wad of paper towel between my legs which would stay there all night until I could shower in the morning.

His semen would remain in me all night as I laid there in shock and horror. I was not getting used to the assaults and each time was a new nightmare of pain and torture.

He said I would get used to it knowing that “my mother did not care if he fucked me every other night”. He felt like it was his right to have me for his own private cunt. He liked being in my vagina. He liked raping me, and coming in me and I was nearly going crazy thinking that this could be my life from now on.

I laid in my bed on that towel, under my blanket, no pajamas on; no panties on, just the wad of paper towel to soak up the blood and semen.

I laid there, hating what was happening to me, hating my sister for not being home. Why wasn't she home? I was crying, sobbing, throbbing, and still orgasming myself as my vagina contracted and twitched and this would be my existence.

I did not like that feeling, and did not understand what it was to orgasm, but I understood the feeling and was very uncomfortable about it. I wished I had control over my "pee pee" and could stop it from throbbing and contracting. I started to wish that I was dead.

I was having so much pain sitting or standing and was having trouble walking. My vulva and clitoris were sore from the infection and I had a strange smell coming from me as well; my sister was starting to make fun of me because of it. My pee pee burned and was so irritated, every time I had to use the bathroom was a painful experience that would bring tears to my eyes.

I was still bleeding, and was using paper towels and toilet paper to soak up the blood and infection. I was scratching it all the time and it would not stop itching and burning.

I decided I would tell my mom. I took a big risk telling

her. Not only because of my brother's threat to sodomize me again, but because my mom was my main abuser and if she was not in a good mood, it could land me a beating.

I told her anyway, one day while she was in my room. I told her that brother was doing things to my pee pee, and that it hurt real bad, and at night he would come and do things to me and I was scared.

My heart was pounding. She looked at me and screamed at me "WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO ABOUT IT!!! YOU ROTTEN WHORE!! THAT IS NOT MY PROBLEM. THAT IS YOUR PROBLEM, YOU DEAL WITH IT!!"

I backed away from her, as she pushed past me, and asked her what I should do? She replied, "Wrap yourself up like a mummy when you go to bed". I did not push it. I left it at that.

My friend lived two blocks away, and I used to go over to see her now and then. She was my best friend in the whole world. I did not tell her what was going on, but she knew something was not right with me.

She was used to seeing me bruised and battered and not in good shape, but she knew something had changed. One day while I was at her house, my stomach and intestines started to hurt, and I was cramping.

I told her I had to go home. She said that she did not want me to go, as I had only been there a few minutes. I had to go home as my stomach felt like it would explode.

I needed the bathroom so bad, and as I was walking out her front door, my intestines gave way, and watery diarrhea poured from my bum, all down my legs.

I walked home very quickly, in agony, wiping away the tears, and going inside, I went to my room, grabbing a pair of shorts and panties, I went to the bathroom, and stripped, throwing my soiled shorts and panties in the trash and closing up the bag.

I had a quick bath, and got dressed, took the bag out and threw it in the big garbage container outside by the curb. If my mom saw those soiled underwear, I was sure I'd be beaten for ruining them.

It was after the sexual assaults that my stomach and intestines would give me many problems. My body was just reacting to the infection in my vagina, to the repeated sexual assaults, and to the maltreatment I had been living under my whole life.

I was just a walking shell at this point and was doing whatever it took to survive. I had started back to elementary school that fall, and had to go to school the next morning after those assaults. I remember

wondering if my classmates could smell that strange odor coming from me.

I would go to the bathroom, and check for bleeding. I had been discharging so much of the vaginal infection and my underwear was coated with white yellowy globs of secretions, specked with blood.

I would go to the girl's washroom, and scrape the mess off my panties, and try to dry them out; sitting on the toilet, crying silently. I was in the fourth grade that year.

I felt so much different than the other kids, I always had, but now I felt even more outcast, and stayed to myself mostly hanging around with my friend Mary Angel at school.

After school I would dread going home. I would walk the three blocks on my way home, and wonder who would be killing who when I got home as my parents were always fighting, wonder if my sister would be home so my brother would not come in our room and do his nasty things with me. I wondered how much more I could take.

By October, the sexual assaults would end as my brother moved to Canada. I was relieved he was gone, but the damage was done.

I would no longer be a virgin, to give my virginity to

who I pleased of my own choosing. I would always be "his whore", as those words would stay in my ears and mind forever.

I would always hate being a woman and my own sexuality. I would never have children as my body could not carry a child. I would always remember my brother's body against mine, savagely taking what he wanted from me, using me as a sex toy and would never forget the evil seed he deposited in me.

Rape Child Raped

Saturday, August 27, 2011

She wakes up to the same old tiring day,
Mommy doesn't want her and pushes her away,
Yells and hits her oh so hard
Tells her she is a rape child that no one could love

Night time comes and it starts again, the fighting,
The shouting, the harm is done
Why is daddy hurting mommy, I don't understand
Why does he hit her and punch her with his hand?

Morning comes and it's not a surprise,
To see mommy with bruises and tears in her eyes,
Mommy I love you, please don't cry
"Get away from me, I hate you, you rape child!" she replies

Brother is sick and stays in his room
Days pass to years as he stew and he broods
An adult man with a warped mind thinks he should use
my body and devises a plan

I'll bind her and gag her so she cannot scream and fight,
As she did when I molested her the other night,
She won't squirm or kick or try to get away
And this is my plan and I will have my way

Night time comes and I am awoken
To my hands tied and mouth gagged and my body
shaking
No brother! I screamed in my head as he raped me and
sodomized me and left me dead

I died that night, as I lay on my bed, bleeding and torn
and so lost and forlorn
Mommy doesn't love me, she always reminds me
That I was born out of rape, and she wished I was dead
Brother has raped me and hurt me so bad
How can I live another day in this place?

She wakes up to the same old tiring day,
Mommy doesn't want her and pushes her away,
Yells and hits her oh so hard
Tells her she is a rape child that no one could love

Written by Laurie Ann Smith copyright 2011

The Ultimate Betrayal

Saturday, September 24, 2011



Mother,
you never said you loved me
you swore you should have killed me
you hurt me most deeply
ripping and tearing my body
my heart and my soul
breaking my spirit, murder most foul
you made me wash away the evidence of those
bloodstained walls, wipe the blood off the floors
the walls, the door

you threw my favorite bloodstained outfit out
with the trash
year after year it became my routine
to suffer those beatings, to beg at your feet
"you will take it", you screamed as I lay on the floor
not daring to move as I could take no more
made to beg at your feet for mercy
crying and sobbing as you looked away with disdain
hatred and cursing me enjoying my pain
years rolled by and just more of the same
you justified this abuse saying that it was your right
to hurt me, to beat me, to kill me outright
you explained that it was just what I needed
as I was a rape child, a bad kid
and got what I deserved
in the end you betrayed me
as you said that you never loved me
never wanted me or cared
I did not matter to you
and you did not care if I was dead
the same look of hatred came over your eyes
and I knew in my heart that I had been betrayed
the ultimate kind

For all of my inner children who suffered her wrath

Written by Laurie Ann Smith

My Reality of Healing

As the summer came and went, and fall approached, I had made such progress. I had been doing healing visualizations with my friend Kate, and also reading three amazing books on inner child healing work, toxic shame and co-dependence. All of my shows were based on those three books and the reality of my healing journey was evident. I no longer carried the body memories of my brother sexually assaulting me. I no longer had the nightmares of feeling like I was drowning or suffocating. I no longer carried the shame of being sexually abused and the stigma that surrounded it. I was truly healing, day by day. I had been “rescuing” my inner children one by one, and taking them to a safe place I had created for them. I was now learning how to help each part of myself from each point where I was wounded. But this would not be the only thing going on in my life.

Cecil had ended up in the hospital near death in May of 2011, and that whole month and the first two weeks of June were all about sitting at the hospital with him, getting ready to phone funeral homes to prepare for his burial, and cremation. He had become very sick in April and finally ended up in the hospital the last week of April. My work was very understanding and allowed me

to take all the time I needed to be with him. Not only had I faced the rape and sodomy and the painful memories of all the abuse I suffered as a child, but I had to face my sweetheart's death. I would be at the hospital all day, and then come home and do the shows or healing work, and then the advocacy work, and then get up and do my morning show, and then start all over again.

I went to work periodically during that time, and would end up having to leave half way through the day to rush to the hospital which was a two hour commute by bus and trains. Cecil pulled through, no doubt in my mind because of God's will that his time here on earth was not yet fulfilled. He came home to live with me instead of going back to his own place as he was not sure about living on his own anymore.

We had been living separately for five years and I was so happy to have him with me at "our" place again. I loved him with all of my heart and he knew that. He was relieved to not be on his own anymore and happy to be with me as well, although we had a few issues the first few months of living together again. We both had to get readjusted to living together and we had a few spats about things.

He knew about all the work I had been doing, and

also the books I had written and he was upset about the amount of time I would spend on the computer doing all of my advocacy work. I reminded him that we had been apart for five years, and I had begun my healing journey during that time, and all of this work was part of it.

My contract had finally come to an end at the end of June and I had been off for three months. I was glad to have this time to help Cecil, to do more work on my inner child healing, and also begin to write this book.

I know that all of this happened just as it needed to, in its own time place. Just as I know that eventually all of the work I will do in the future to help my inner self, will bring so much more healing and wholeness.

September 20, 2011

It is my hope that everyone who reads this book or goes back to listen to my internet radio shows will reach out and not suffer alone and in silence. It is my hope that you will get help, that you will not ever give up and that you will continue to have the strength to face each day and night as they come, realizing that tomorrow is another day, and we must not give up ever. Keep looking for that light, that truth, that peace, and that love and care you so deserve. I will do the same.

God Bless you all,

Laurie Ann Smith

Final Note:

Laurie Ann Smith was widowed August 4, 2018. Her husband Cecil passed away from a 17 year terminal illness. He fought the good fight and went home to Heaven in peace. Laurie continues to speak out against child abuse, to do online internet radio shows, and her goal is to continue to speak out publically to break the silence and shame that surrounds all types of child abuse and neglect. If you would like to have Laurie speak at your event, please contact her at:

AuthorLaurieAnnSmith@gmail.com

All proceeds from Laurie's books go to Not For Profits that work to stop and prevent child abuse.